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SIXPENCE

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Lord Linlithgow.

General Tucker.

Duke of Connaught.

WELL PLEASED WITH HIS SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS: HIS MAJESTY LEAVING THE PARADE-GROUND AFTER THE GREAT EDINBURGH REVIEW.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.

The King has expressed his unbounded satisfaction with the Scottish Volunteers, and has commended their appearance, their steadiness on parade, and the enthusiasm which brought them from all quarters of the kingdom for the great demonstration of September 18.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

THE LATE L. F. AUSTIN: AN APPRECIATION.

Certain passages in last week's "Note Book," which at the moment they were printed seemed relevant only to their context, bear to-day a tragic and almost prophetic significance. The writer, in the course of as witty and characteristic an article as any of those with which he has enlivened this page for so many years, talked incidentally of a "last dying statement," and quoted with delicately ironical intention the threadbare elegiac line, "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still." Scarcely had the words appeared in print when they assumed a curious and melancholy truth, for that "Note Book" was destined to be, as far as this Journal is concerned, Mr. L. F. Austin's last word to his readers, who must long ere now have learned from the daily Press that his hand with its inimitable touch had vanished from this page and that his voice is for ever still.

For several weeks he had been held prisoner in his room by his old enemy the gout, but, like his predecessor, James Payn, he never permitted physical discomfort to interfere with his work, and his manifold literary activities knew no interruption. No one dreamed that he was seriously ill, and when a fortnight ago he was able to go down to Brighton, his friends trusted that he would soon be restored. *Dis aliter visum.* On Sept. 15 he passed suddenly away, and in him we have lost a colleague who was one of the most prolific and accomplished journalists of our time, and one of the most fascinating personalities of literary London.

On his gifts as a writer it is superfluous to insist here. Had he been less under the necessity of spending his energies on fugitive work, there is no doubt that he would have left some permanent literary monument. Some who knew him well often wished that he could find time for a life of Thackeray, whose works he knew and understood with just that right, fellow-club-manlike sympathy which would have made such a biography peculiarly effective. The task was often urged upon him by the present writer, but, as far as is known, it was never undertaken. No man could have done it better, for Austin was more than a mere writer of amusing *causerie*; his literary knowledge was wide, his critical sense sane and keen, and for delicate rapier-play he had few equals. If he had not James Payn's depth of insight, roundness, and surprising felicity of phrase, he had a coruscating brilliancy that the older writer never achieved. One of his happiest tricks was his apt co-ordination of the irrelevant. Our readers will remember how, in his weekly article, he would seize upon several utterly divergent topics and play the one off against the other until they seemed to have been actually made for his hand, and usually just at the end a single deft stroke recalled the main theme, with all the subordinates flung against it in comic relief. Those fleeting lines that made such easy and delightful reading, that had in them never a taint of pedantry, were, although few suspected it, contrived with a skill that was little short of a fine art. Mr. Austin had his laws of harmony. To borrow the musician's phrase, he always ended on the tonic.

His industry was colossal. One is tempted to ask, parodying a Virgilian reminiscence, what region of the journalistic world was not filled with his labour? Day in, day out, he bent over his inevitable table at the Reform Club, driving an untiring, and, be it affectionately whispered, a somewhat illegible pen. The printer, by-the-by, asked and was allowed something over and above the ordinary guerdon for setting his "copy." It was certainly puzzling at first, but once the peculiarities were known it revealed a marvellous consistency of idiosyncrasy and started into legibility. It is impossible to say how many London and provincial offices knew that hieroglyphic, but for what it conveyed it was always welcome, and innumerable editors were glad for their papers' sake to quote Chaucer, and say—

Lat Austin have his swynk to him reserved.

On the *Daily Chronicle* he played a prominent part as leader-writer, reviewer, and latterly as dramatic critic, and during changes in that journal some years ago he did a great deal of arduous work in steering it between Scylla and Charybdis, at a critical moment when a modification of policy was in progress. He used to refer to that as the hardest task of his life. But to Mr. Austin toil never came amiss. No matter how suddenly a commission was sprung upon him, he undertook it if it were at all possible to do it justice, and delivered his article to the moment promised. He

was the most dependable of scribes, and in this respect the delight of the master-printer's soul; for that tyrant most abhors a laggard. If the "Note Book" were by any rare chance not to hand at the hour, the post was suspected, not the writer. The attitude of the office, indeed, towards Mr. Austin was that of the farmer towards his watch when he looked at it with admiring confidence and said, "If the sun is not down in two minutes, he's late."

Difficult at first to know, Mr. Austin, once known, was the staunchest and kindest of friends. His slightly sardonic manner disguised a very warm heart, and no one could be more finely sympathetic when once the barriers to intimacy had been broken down. He spoke even more charmingly than he wrote. Very often one wished that what he said when he was on fire with the subject he had in hand could have been recorded; it seemed even happier than the article that followed. He has been called the best after-dinner speaker in London, and certainly he could lift that tedious form of oratory far above dullness. But it was *à deux* that he gave of his very best. The last time I saw him, three weeks ago, although he was ill and at the end of a hard day with further work ahead, he seemed never to have talked better. For all his toil (to which the letters ready for post at his bedside testified),



Photo. Walter Barrett.

THE LATE MR. L. F. AUSTIN, WRITER OF "OUR NOTE BOOK."

BORN OCTOBER 9, 1852; DIED SEPTEMBER 15, 1905.

he had been renewing acquaintance with the Elizabethan dramatists, and had got through an incredible number of plays. Over these his wit danced like a will-o'-the-wisp. He was hugely diverted with the more sanguinary plots, and made excellent sport imagining them as a vehicle for the talents of Mr. Pinero, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, or Mr. Hall Caine, particularly the last. One fancied one heard the next week's "Note Book" on the anvil, but, unfortunately, Mr. Austin did not follow up the theme. In the modern theatre he was profoundly interested, not merely as a spectator, for among players he enjoyed the friendship in particular of Sir Henry Irving, with many of whose undertakings he had a close personal connection. For a time, indeed, he was Sir Henry's secretary.

It makes Mr. Austin's untimely departure the sadder that his name should have been, as we have hinted, writ in water. His work was for the hour; with the hour it passed; and although he lives in the affectionate regard of his friends, that, alas! is the most perishable of monuments, for it is incommunicable even to our sons. It is something, however, to keep until we join him in the long night—the memory of a man so various, so accomplished, and so devoted to his task, even a task that stood between him and the highest realisation of himself. But regrets are futile. No doubt he would have wished to die as he has done, in harness. It remains but to say farewell, with such poor tribute of broken words as shades still in the body may pay one released from that fetter. *Atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale!* J. D. S.

ANARCHIC MOROCCO.

Fate seems to have decreed that Morocco should become one of the centres of intrigue and a hub of the political universe. It is probably the last thing that Abd-el-Aziz desires, if that irresponsible ruler can be said to have any aspirations beyond the enjoyment of the hour. Some have pictured him as an enlightened monarch, wishing to surround himself with the most modern and civilised accessories. True, he is addicted to the bicycle and the motor-car, and has adopted the telephone and the gramophone, but that does not signify his civilisation—merely his desire to be amused. In the same spirit he has introduced wireless telegraphy, which will interest him until his attention is distracted by some new toy. It need hardly be said that this bored young man of Fez has little concern with government; he leaves it to his Ministers. It is with them that the diplomats treat. Whilst France and Germany discuss the fate of the Empire at afternoon meetings at the Quai d'Orsay, the Sultan and his advisers are occasionally compelled to take a step themselves. Thus his Shereefian Majesty yielded the other day to France on the subject of the arrest of the Algerian Bou-Mzian. However, his attitude was probably dictated more by the hope of spiting Germany than of obliging France. Indeed, it is part of the little Moroccan game of playing off one European Power against another.

Had a French expedition been necessary, it is difficult to say what would have been the disposition of the tribes. Probably the Sultan would have declared the Holy War or Jihad, which would have forced all the Moors to have joined his standard. That is just the one bond between them. They regard the Sultan as a sort of religious chief, who is to be supported in the name of Allah and the Koran, but otherwise is to be fought against on occasion. It is as if the household came together at family prayers and afterwards resumed their favourite occupation of throwing plates at one another. Certainly Abd-el-Aziz can never count on continuous obedience from his nominal subjects. The greatest anarchy prevails. Intertribal warfare subsists eternally in some form or other. The Moors possess this peculiarity: they will fight in the most bloodthirsty fashion against the Kaid or against the Sultan, as the case may be; but the moment the present is arranged, which is the *motif* of all combats in Morocco, the tribesmen become as firm adherents to authority as they were opponents before. A march on Fez would have been a mere military promenade for the French, but the conquest of the country is a vastly different affair. It would certainly never be entered upon by our neighbours with "light heart"—to employ the fatal and historic phrase of Emile Ollivier. They know from sad experience in Algeria the meaning of mountain warfare.

Though the Moors have no military organisation, all are well armed. They carry guns everywhere—even in the streets of Tangier, which is a civilised community, with a cosmopolitan colony of French, English, Germans, and Americans. It would be the hardest work to dislodge these tribesmen from their mountain fastnesses, where twenty men might defy a column. The Moroccan army is, notwithstanding, a mere joke. It is composed of the striplings and old men. The matured and able-bodied refuse to come in. It is the resort of the miserable who would otherwise die of starvation. The appearance of this army on the march is truly wonderful. No two costumes are alike, and at least some of Morocco's regulars walk in their bare feet. Yet there are the beginnings of a real army at Tangier, where two French officers, under native chiefs, instruct the Moroccan young idea how to shoot and comport itself in the fashion of the military man.

Tangier supplies one of the oddest examples of feudalism and modern progress. M. Terrier, the amiable Secretary of the Comité du Maroc in Paris, which is destined to play a large part in the development of the country, has just related to me this incident: He was in Tangier a few months ago. On coming out of his hotel on to the broad marketplace, where the Legations and chief buildings of Tangier are, he espied the brother of the famous chief, Raisuli, seated in the open space and dispensing justice. His court was policed by half-a-dozen tribesmen, with loaded rifles, placed near the judge, and ready to avenge his judicial honour if necessary. The prisoners were brought up and judged according to the Mussulman law and tradition. This curious survival of primitive justice was taking place under the arc-lamps of cosmopolitan Tangier.

All Europe laughed when it heard that Raisuli, the Moroccan Robin Hood responsible for the capture of Mr. Harris, the *Times* correspondent, had become Kaid of the environs of Tangier. But Raisuli takes his office with extreme seriousness, confirming the ancient maxim of setting a thief to catch a thief. Recently, when the French Attaché at the Legation sent for troops to guard the building at night—a precaution, by the way, observed by the diplomatic body since the Perdicaris incident—Raisuli came to him and voluntarily undertook to furnish the guard from his own tribe. The reformed chieftain made it a point of honour that his own men should protect the Legation. Raisuli, like his fellows, exacts toll of the tribes, but that is the habitual custom in Morocco. No functionary is ever paid by the State. He makes his own "arrangements" with his tributaries, who are rated after their wealth in flocks

and herds, subject, no doubt, to the little proviso that they are not too strong to be made to pay. So far from there being any civil list for the functionaries, they are often compelled, like the waiters in fashionable restaurants, to pay for the privilege of being employed at all.

This very question of tribute is at the bottom of the present dispute between Raisuli's men and the members of the tribe of Anjera. These latter are notorious robbers, and the retired highwayman is endeavouring, by a little sweet persuasion, to reduce them to respectable and tax-paying persons. But the Anjera men strongly object to paying taxes. Hence this coil.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"CLARICE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

The most striking feature of last week's *première* of Mr. Gillette's new comedy, "Clarice," must be held to be the play's series of prolonged and exasperating pauses. What with the vagaries of the electric-light, which is made before every act to go through a variety of twilight and sunrise effects before it is allowed to give the stage full illumination, what with protracted intervals of silence, in which there is no one on the stage, and elaborate displays of pantomime which do not help on the action, there is a very considerable amount of time wasted at the Duke of York's Theatre on trivial and unessential "business." These tricks of delay were all the more noticeable because they seemed deliberately adopted to eke out a thin and very artless story, and because Mr. Gillette, having cast himself for the not too suitable rôle of a convalescent, chose to fit the character with a slow, languid, almost nerveless manner. The story, placed in sleepy Virginia, is the old story of "A Bachelor's Romance," the tale of the mutual love of a young ward and her guardian; but the hackneyed theme is here bolstered up by a preposterous conspiracy planned by an unsuccessful suitor of the heroine, a doctor, who actually persuades the hero—a medical man himself—that he is suffering from (quite imaginary) consumption. Hence long-drawn-out sentimental agonies for the hero, but happily also one moment of real drama, that of the villain's exposure, in which Mr. Gillette does something more than pose picturesquely, and recovers the alert, masterful style of his Sherlock Holmes. But for the most part both the actor-author and pretty Miss Marie Doro, who plays the heroine, have to content themselves with a dumb charade sort of acting, and it is Miss Lucille La Verne's brilliant and full-blooded impersonation of a despotic negress house-keeper that alone gives the piece any genuine vitality.

"DICK HOPE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

Since Mr. Ernest Hendrie's new "comedy" furnishes Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, for whom it has been written, with the kind of rôles in which this distinguished pair have often ere now delighted the public, it no doubt justifies its existence; but, truth to tell, "Dick Hope" has small relation to art and even less to real life. As a play composed by an actor for actors, it makes its appeal to that great asset of the box-office, the playgoer's inveterate love of sentimentality, and harps therefore on the old theme of self-sacrifice. Talk of self-sacrifice! Why the piece is a very debauch of self-sacrifice: the heroine herself, who is content to marry a drunkard she does not love, to save him; a sturdy parson, who in the cause of righteousness loyally assists his rival's suit; and the reformed drunkard himself, who discovers in good time the price his two saviours are paying—all reveling in the most reckless exhibitions of altruism. Nevertheless, the heroine's part affords Mrs. Kendal scope for acting which is as natural and almost as touching as that she gave us in "The Elder Miss Blossom"; the theatrical self-martyrdom of the parson does not prevent Mr. Bassett Roe from endowing the character with agreeable manliness and personal charm; while Mr. Kendal, in the big scene in which the Major's nervousness over his proposal of marriage is mistaken for a revival of the vice from which he has broken himself, scores a veritable triumph in his display of physical exhaustion and tremulous emotion.

"EXCELSIOR," AT THE LYCEUM.

When the famous ballet by Manzotti and Marengo was presented for the first time, it marked a notable departure from the old conventions. The costumes were quite original—the *corps de ballet* being emancipated from its absurd skirts—the idea was fresh, the music charming, and the figurations most artistic. In London, when the 'eighties were very young, our fathers flocked to see the much-discussed production and found it delightful. It was no bad idea to revive "Excelsior," and the management of the Lyceum have been lavish in their expenditure of time and money. Unfortunately, they have not modernised "Excelsior." The completion of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, the opening of the Suez Canal, and the railway bridge at Charing Cross make tableaux that are too old-fashioned for us. Our national achievements in Africa and elsewhere would have served better to illustrate national progress without interfering with music or figurations. And the production of a daily newspaper, as shown on the cinematograph or one of its relations, has nothing to do with ballet. Doubtless the management will cut the production down to reasonable dimensions in the course of a week or two. Then we shall be able to enjoy the exquisite work of Maria Bordin, a *première danseuse* for whom we have nothing but admiration; the agile dancing of Vincenti, who is as young as when he astonished us at the Empire ten years ago; the fine pantomime of Antonio Monti, and many other pleasant features of a big production.

THE DUTCH STATES-GENERAL.

Holland enjoys so tranquil an existence that the Speech from the Throne read in the States-General this week possesses a special interest in so far that it proves the existence of considerable national problems. Finances are not satisfactory, for revenue does not grow side by side with expenditure. Borneo, though controlled, is not yet pacified, and the military action in Southern Celebes is mentioned rather ominously as "being crowned with success at present." Holland's long foreign campaign does not make for optimism among her statesmen. It is proposed to make insurance against illness, incapacity, and old age compulsory, though funds are not yet available to meet the last-named contingency. We must needs be interested to hear that plans are being made to give male children some preliminary military training in order that Holland may call all her sons to the flag in the day of need. If a comparatively poor country like Holland, which can look for powerful protection in the time of war, is prepared to do so much, the lesson of the sacrifice should not be lost upon our publicists at home who are anxious to see a similar reform inaugurated in these islands.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

Brendle. Marmaduke Pickthall. (Methuen. 6s.)
Dante the Wayfarer. Christopher Hare. (Harpers.)
Andrew Marvel. Augustine Birrell. (Macmillan. 2s.)
Fenris the Wolf. Percy Mackaye. (Macmillan. 5s.)
Dilys. F. E. Penny. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)
The Snare of Strength. Randolph Bedford (Heinemann. 6s.)
Castel del Monte. Nathan Gallizier. (Dean. 6s.)
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ON A CORNISH BEACH: A CHARMING SEASIDE STUDY.



THE BATHERS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. V. COLLETTE.

The above reproduction is taken from a photogravure entitled "The Bathers," from a painting by W. V. Collette, of Henleaze, Bristol. The original painting is in the possession of Mr. Conrad P. Fry, of Bristol, by whose permission the photogravure has been made by Messrs. Goupil. The scene is laid on a secluded stretch of coast near Falmouth.

A KING INDEED: THE ITALIAN SOVEREIGN'S SOLICITUDE FOR HIS SUFFERING SUBJECTS IN CALABRIA.

DRAWN BY L. SABATTIER.



KING VICTOR EMMANUEL VISITING THE PEOPLE OF DEVASTATED ZAMMARO.

Zammaro, in the Monteleone district, suffered most severely from a recent earthquake. Hardly a house was left standing, and the scenes of desolation and death were heartrending. The King of Italy, who hurried to the scene of the disaster, personally superintended the relief works, and left no quarter of the devastated district unvisited.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE REVIEW IN
EDINBURGH.

On Monday last 38,000 Scottish Volunteers marched past the King on the parade-ground of King's Park, Edinburgh, and the splendid review, that was carried out without a hitch, was graced by a fine day. From all parts of the country the Scots had gathered to do honour to the occasion, and the value of Scotland's Voluntary forces was impressed upon all present. King Edward had arrived at the Waverley Station of Edinburgh upon the stroke of eight, and was received by Sir Robert Cranston, the Secretary for Scotland, Sir Charles Tuckey, Lords Tullibardine and Dalkeith, and many others of Scotland's leading men. A royal salute was fired from the Castle batteries as his Majesty drove to Holyrood, where he was received by the Highland Light Infantry. After a short interval, King Edward, now attended by his picturesque bodyguard of Royal Archers, entered the Throne-room and received the keys of the city from the Lord Provost, returning them with a few gracious words. An address in a gold casket was then handed to his Majesty, who said, in the course of his reply, "Another generation has grown to manhood since my august mother, Queen Victoria, held the last national review of the Scottish Volunteers; and I rejoice to find that the spirit which then animated the Scottish people has suffered no diminution or decay, and that I can count as heretofore on their stern resolve and loyal devotion whenever the defence of the country requires their services."

His Majesty, now wearing Field-Marshal's uniform, left Holyrood Palace for the park amid scenes of great enthusiasm, and among those for whom special places had been found en route were Crimean and Indian Mutiny veterans, and long-service Volunteers who marched past Queen Victoria in the torrid heat of 1860 and the driving rain of 1881. On arrival at King's Park his Majesty rode to the saluting-point, and when the salute was taken proceeded to inspect the line. This work, done with all his Majesty's noted thoroughness, occupied some three-quarters of an hour, and it was upon the stroke of twelve when he returned to the

saluting base and General Tucker led the march-past. It is difficult and perhaps invidious to pick out any brigades for special praise, for the general bearing of the men could not have been beaten. The Garrison Artillery, the 1st Lothians, the Royal Scots Highlanders under Colonel Clark, the Galloway Volunteer Rifle Corps, and the Argyll and Sutherland Brigade evoked a display of great enthusiasm from the stands. So, too, did the Black Watch Brigade, and the four companies of the London Scottish that led the Gordons. The Volunteer Royal Army Medical Corps came after the infantry divisions, a column of motor-cars followed, and then—alas that it should have to be set down!—spectators saw the forty-five guns of the Volunteer Heavy Artillery—rifled muzzle-loaders that would not avail to repel an invasion by King Lebaudy of the Sahara or the Prophet Dowie. Such antiquated weapons were surely unworthy a place in King's Park on such an occasion. Before one o'clock a singularly successful review had come to an end.

King Edward communicated to Sir Charles Tucker and his staff complete satisfaction with the proceedings, and said it was highly creditable to the Volunteers that they should have turned out in such large numbers. Then his Majesty rode to the east end of the tribune, where the survivors of the Crimea and Indian Mutiny stood and raised their cheers. Greatly affected, King Edward greeted his veterans with much warmth, leaning down from his horse to shake some of the most venerable by the hand. With this crowning act of consideration to make the day sweet in the memory of gallant old soldiers, his Majesty rode on to Holyrood.

In connection with the Royal Review there were some notable entertainments in Edinburgh on Monday. The Corporation of Edinburgh gave a lunch, at which Sir Robert Cranston presided, and the Duke of Connaught responded to the toast of the Queen and the Royal Family. In the evening Sir Robert Cranston entertained about one hundred and twenty guests at dinner in the Council Chamber. During the evening

a telegram from his Majesty was read to the company. It expressed King Edward's approval of the arrangements made for the review, thanked the citizens of Edinburgh for their reception, and expressed the hope that the review would act as an incentive to citizens who do not yet belong to the citizen army to join a force whose patriotism is so

diverse intellects. Perhaps it was the touch of refined mysticism, revealing—like in his books, poems, and conversation a beautifully fashioned mind, that made him so much to so many men and women, and gave him, in the privacy of his home circle, a place akin to that held in Eastern civilisation by the head of a clan. Dr. MacDonald's poems and novels retain their vogue among cultured and thoughtful readers who respond readily to the spirituality that robed so many of his creations. We would do no more in this place than mention "David Elginbrod," "Robert Falconer," and the "Unspoken Sermons." Most people have forgotten that more than half a century ago George MacDonald was Pastor of the Congregational Church at Arundel, in Sussex, where he lived three years, and married the lady who was his devoted companion until her death a year or two ago. He left the Church, but remained a preacher; indeed, his whole life was a sermon, well reasoned and tolerant, but so

wide in its hopes and beliefs that it offended the susceptibilities of many conservative pietists. In 1877 Dr. MacDonald received a Civil List pension for his services to literature, and during the last years of his life he wintered in Bordighera, where the writer of this note had the pleasure of meeting him in surroundings that had something of the dignity and peace of an old cathedral. His was a beautiful yet useful life, such a one as literature vouchsafes now and again to some greatly favoured servant.

By the death of Sir Robert Gunter, Bart., of Wetherby Grange, the Barkston Ash Division of Yorkshire loses a member who has served it for twenty years in the Conservative interest. He will be missed by Churchmen, for he was a prominent supporter of their undertakings; by agriculturalists, for he was deeply interested in the land; and by sportsmen, for he was a noted shot, a straight rider, and a steward at the Wetherby Meetings for some forty years. He was the owner of some famous short-horns, and in his younger days a breeder of thoroughbreds. He is succeeded in the baronetcy by his son, Major Robert Benyon Nevill Gunter.

Saskatchewan and Alberta, the two North-Western Provinces of Canada formed from the subdivision of the North-West Territories, were pictured in these pages a fortnight ago. The Governors who have been appointed are the Hon. Amédée Emmanuel Forget, who acted as Lieutenant-Governor of the district before its subdivision, and Mr. George Hedley Vicars Bulyea, who was Provincial Secretary and Commissioner of Public Works under the old régime. He has had considerable public experience, having been a member of the Territorial Assembly for eleven years.

On Friday last Sir Daniel Dixon, Bart., was returned for the North Belfast Division in the Unionist interest. The new member, who was born in 1844, is Lord Mayor of Belfast, sole partner in the firm of Thomas Dixon and Sons, of that city, managing director of the Lord Line of steamers, chairman of the Belfast Harbour Commissioners, and an active worker in other of the city's great commercial undertakings. He is one of the Irish Light Commissioners and a magistrate for County Antrim and County Down. He was the first Lord Mayor of Belfast, and was knighted in 1892. In 1902 he was appointed a Privy Councillor of Ireland, and the honour of a baronetcy was conferred upon him by the King after the royal visit to Ireland in 1903.

Peter de Brazza, Count of Savorgnan, the famous French traveller and explorer, died last week at Dakar. He was on his way home from the French Congo, where he had been upon a Government mission, and during his journey he contracted the illness which proved fatal. De Brazza was a great authority upon West Africa. Between 1875-8 he was in the interior exploring the valley of the Ogowe River, and, after receiving the gold medal of the Geographical Society of Paris, returned to Africa, travelled along the upper reaches of the Congo, and founded Franceville and Brazzaville. After the Treaty of Berlin he made a third journey, and was appointed Governor of the French Congo, holding the office until 1897, when he was rather summarily dismissed.

John Vansittart Danvers Butler, sixth Earl of Lanesborough, in the Peerage of Ireland, died at his seat in Belturbert, County Cavan, in the early part of last



Photo, Russell.
THE LATE SIR WYNDHAM PORTAL,
FORMER CHAIRMAN L. & S. W. RAILWAY.

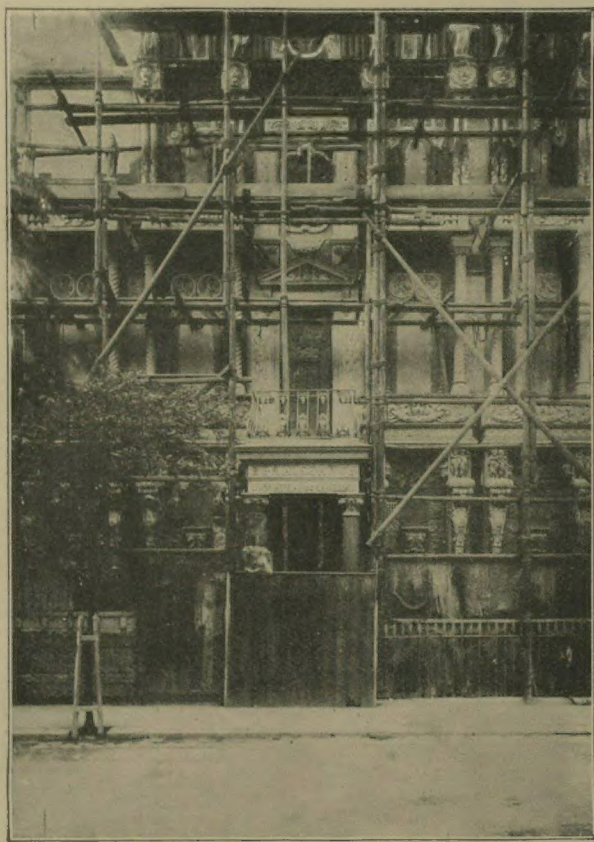


Photo, Maull and Fox.
THE NEW EARL OF LANESBOROUGH,
FORMERLY LORD NEWTOWN-BUTLER.



Photo, Russell.
THE LATE COLONEL SIR R. GUNTER,
M.P. FOR THE BARKSTON ASH DIVISION
OF YORKSHIRE.

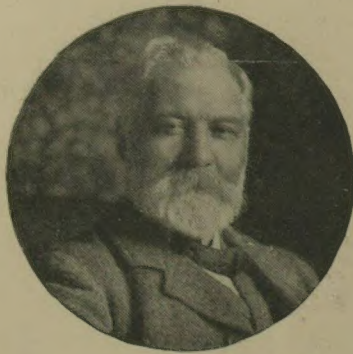
greatly to be commended. Among the speakers at the dinner was Mr. Arnold-Forster, M.P., Secretary of State for War, who has been somewhat harshly attacked for his attitude towards the Voluntary forces. In a long and eloquent speech he expressed his admiration for what he had seen, and emphasised his view that efficiency



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.
DECORATION OF A RENAISSANCE CHATEAU
FOR A CHELSEA HOUSE.

These decorations from the Chateau de Savenay have been brought to this country by Dr. Phene for the adornment of his house in Cheyne Row.

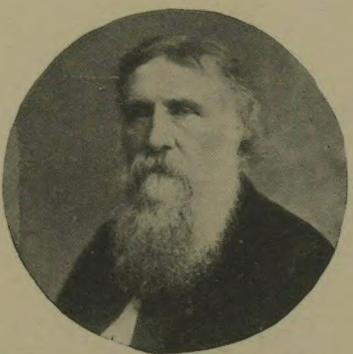
rather than numbers is to be desired. At the same time he confessed that he had seen efficiency and numbers in combination and declared that the impression left upon him would be a lasting one. There can



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
SIR DANIEL DIXON,
NEW M.P. FOR BELFAST.



Photo, Le Tievre.
THE LATE COUNT DE BRAZZA,
THE FRENCH STANLEY.



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE DR. G. MACDONALD,
NOVELIST, POET, AND PREACHER.

be no doubt but that the Royal Review will give an immense impetus to Voluntary service—not only in Scotland.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The death of Dr. MacDonald was not unexpected, for he had long been in delicate health and had reached his eighty-first year; but it is not the less a matter for special comment, for with his demise a very notable and picturesque figure passes from the high places of English literature. Preacher, poet, and novelist, idealist and dreamer of dreams, George MacDonald, even in the later years of his life, was a man who attracted the most

week. He was born in 1839 and entered the Navy some twenty years later. He reached the rank of Commander in 1866, and retired in 1871 to be promoted to Captain on the retired list by Order in Council in 1881. In 1870 he was elected a Representative Peer for Ireland, some four years after he had succeeded to the title on the death of his uncle, the fifth Earl. He is succeeded by his son Charles John Brinsley Butler, who was born in 1865 and is a Major in the 3rd Battalion Coldstream Guards.

Sir Wyndham Spencer Portal, for many years Chairman of the London and South Western Railway, died at his seat near Basingstoke last week, at the advanced age of eighty-three. He was educated at Harrow and the Royal Military College, and in 1842 was appointed Cornet in the North Hants Yeomanry Cavalry. Eleven years later he became Captain, and retained that position until 1863. His attempts to enter the political arena having been defeated at Winchester and Portsmouth, Sir Wyndham abandoned political life and devoted his sound business mind and great energy to the affairs of the South Western Railway and the development of Southampton. He retired from the railway company in 1899, and received his baronetcy in 1901.

THE TROUBLES IN THE CAUCASUS.

Though we have heard no more of the cholera scare in Russia during the past week, the troubles of the Tsar's Government are heavy enough to call for the pity of the most ardent revolutionary. At Baku and throughout the district famous for its oil springs the outrages we commented upon in our last issue show no sign of diminution. The Tartars are holding their own against the soldiers,

Germany's difficulties by pointing out that the great body for which he speaks so fearlessly will not be a party to any campaign of aggression in Morocco. The present position of the parties is

THE CHINESE ON THE RAND.

Elsewhere we discuss at length the life of the Chinese labourer in the Rand diamond mines. It is difficult to treat this subject, which has been made so much of a party question, without rousing political antagonisms; but our correspondent, who avows himself a man without fads, gives his own personal experiences of the coolie as he is in the mining compounds. His article is merely an extended commentary upon the view of the Celestial which Bret Harte crystallised into three lines too familiar to require quotation. There is no cessation in the disturbances at the mines. Last week at the Geldenhuis Mine the Chinese took a holiday, although they were offered extra pay to work. The Celestials' credulity has been played upon by some inventive benefactor who deluded the hard-working immigrants at the French Rand Mine with a beautiful story that the Boers were enlisting coolies at £4 a month to fight the English. This was too much for John, and he and ninety-nine others of the same persuasion bolted from their lawful employment. A certain weighty journal adds to this story the information that the authorities are endeavouring to find the author of the hoax. By this time most likely the hundred doughty Chinamen are on the same quest.



Photo. Bankes

LIFE-BOAT SATURDAY IN MANCHESTER: THE PROCESSION PASSING ALONG PICCADILLY.

On September 16 Manchester celebrated Life-Boat Saturday. A great procession of symbolic cars went by way of Cross Street, Piccadilly, Portland Street, Oxford Street, and Stretford Road to the Botanic Gardens, where a fête was held and the Besses o' the Barn Band performed. A record collection was taken in aid of the Life-Boat Fund.

a very delicate one, but there is every reason to hope and believe that a friendly solution of the difficulties will be achieved. As we have pointed

THE CRISIS IN SCANDINAVIA.

The secrets of the Karlstad Conference have been well kept, but it is reasonable to suppose that the representatives of Sweden kept in touch with the general sentiment of Europe and realised that they must make reasonable concessions to the sister kingdom. It would appear that a *modus vivendi* has been arrived at by including a treaty of arbitration in

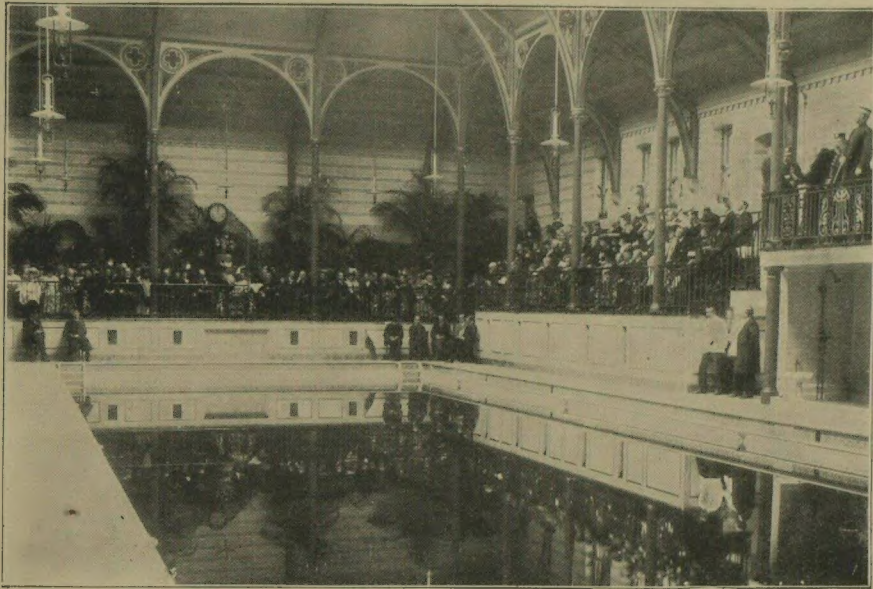


Photo. Rosemont.

BRADFORD'S NEW SWIMMING-BATH: THE SPLENDID BUILDING OPENED ON SEPTEMBER 13.

The new buildings were inaugurated by the Mayor, Alderman W. E. B. Priestly; and the Chairman of the Baths Committee, Mr. H. M. Trotter, opened the speech-making at the ceremony. The whole establishment, which is most elaborately fitted up, has cost £26,657. In the winter the great swimming-bath will be flooded over and the hall will be used for public meetings.

and fighting continues in all directions. The Armenians are being robbed, outraged, or murdered, and the destruction of property continues. So far as can be gathered from the news to hand, the Armenians hold the centre of Baku, while the Tartars are in possession of the suburbs and outlying districts. Shops are closed, provisions are scarce, and Government is paralysed. There is no longer any suggestion of Holy War; it is clear that the Tartars are doing no more than follow their natural instincts.

MOROCCO'S FUTURE.

Elsewhere we deal at some length with the position in Morocco. In Paris M. Révoil and Dr. Rosen are making little or no headway with negotiations, and the Parisians are at once uneasy and annoyed. While Germany is very freely blamed for the delay, it must not be forgotten that the whole question of Morocco's future bristles with difficulties that have ever been the despair of diplomatists, and if Dr. Rosen and his masters do not secure concessions in Paris they can look for very little when the envoys meet in Tangier, Algeciras, or Madrid. It is not unlikely that Algeciras will be chosen for the meeting-ground of the envoys. This pleasant little town lies opposite Gibraltar, and is two or three hours' run from Tangier across the Straits. It has a couple of fine hotels, and is the terminus of a line that runs under English management to Bobadilla. Herr Bebel, the famous spokesman of Social Democracy, has been adding to

out already, the sentiment of Europe is thoroughly opposed to any serious breach of Franco-German relations. At the same time, a glance at the Consular

the clause that provides for the dismantling of the modern additions to the forts at Fredriksten and Kongsvinger



Photo. Wils.

THE GREAT BONE OF CONTENTION BETWEEN SWEDEN AND NORWAY: THE FORTRESS OF FREDRIKSTEN.

The main difficulty between Sweden and Norway is the question of the demolition of fortresses, the Norwegians refusing to dismantle their ancient strongholds of Fredriksten and Kongsvinger, which have never been conquered, and which have great historic interest. At Fredriksten Charles XII. of Sweden, after passing unscathed through a lifetime of warfare, was killed by a cannon ball.



Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

THE SCENE OF THE NEW YORK OVERHEAD RAILWAY ACCIDENT: AFTER THE DISASTER.

Last week we gave details of the disaster which happened at a curve which has long been considered dangerous. The first carriage left the rails, and crashed into a house; and the second fell into the street, causing great loss of life.

reports must convince all impartial students of the case that Germany has no justification for substantial claims.

the new kingdom of Norway is that it may have no history, save that which will record a development of commercial prosperity.

EARTHQUAKE DEVASTATION IN CALABRIA: SCENES THAT TOUCHED KING VICTOR EMMANUEL.



IN THE DEVASTATED DISTRICT: SOLDIERS CARRYING OUT SALVAGE OPERATIONS AT MONTELEONE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY E. XIMENES.

In the territory of Monteleone alone thirty-five villages were desolated, 60,000 persons suffered, and of these at least 40,000 were rendered homeless. In the village of Zammaro the scene is said to have passed description.



AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE: A CHURCH IN THE OPEN AIR AT ZAMMARO.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ABENIACAR.

After the calamity, owing to the continuance of the shocks of earthquake, the authorities warned the people to avoid congregating in public buildings. A church was accordingly extemporised in the open air. A plain table covered with a white cloth formed the altar, and on this were placed the sacred symbols. Figures of the Virgin and the Saints that had escaped destruction were placed at each side of the altar. At this wayside shrine the terrified peasants paid their devotions.

THE STORY OF A BOGGLE.

By F. A. STEEL.



Illustrated by GUNNING KING.

"THEM'S a maist too smart-like f'a bird-boggle, missus," remarked Matt Warner, as his wife held out an old suit of corduroys. "Seem a' maist proper enough to make'n down for the lad."

The lad's mother looked at him sharply. "Make'm down," she echoed, with a thread of fine scorn in her high-strung pride. "Why, he's as big's you, Matt, an' a deal bigger nor me, bless his heart! Besides—he don't want no cords to school."

Matt shifted his bodily feet, but stood his ground mentally.

"Schoolin'-time's over fur him: he's gone foorteen-year-old to-morrer."

"But you give your word, Matt—you give it for sure—father!"

The appeal of the last word brought a kindly obstinacy to Matt's weather-beaten face.

"I give my word fur the lad's chusin' fur issen. 'Es so—when parson and you and the measter come at me to give the lad's wits a chance. 'A chance o' what?' says I; 'there's more in the world than larning: but 'ee shall have it,' says I. 'Ee shall chuse—but in side an' out—that's so—in side an' out.'"

He paused ere continuing in a half-pathetic, but wholly argumentative tone, "See you, Marthamydear, it took two on us to make 'im, scholar or no scholar, and as for my part—why! 'Tain't a clod or two'll bend my furrow from the straight, seein' we've follered the plough, father and son, atwixt the stilts, man an' boy, ever since the family came to the 'All—an' that's Methusalem. So why should a bit o' schoolin' turn the lad's mind from the old way? If he's as big's me, let'n put on they cords to-morrer—the bird-boggle can wait—and come to the fields wi' I, same as me an' fayther done afore I was his age. Now, Marthamydear, don't 'ee go fur to cry. Let'n chuse. If 'ee chuse fair for larning—why! they cords can go to the bird-boggle, can't 'm."

There was seldom any denying of Matt's sound sense, so next morning the lad for the first time shared the simple silent breakfasting at dawn which is the sacrament of field-labour.

There was unsatisfied sleep in his eyes, and yet the novelty, even the fact of having to make definite choice, though that choice was a foregone conclusion, roused his interest. His mother, fluttering round him anxiously as he sat between the slow light of dawn and the quick flare of the new-lit fire, thought she had never seen her darling look handsomer, cleverer.

"Take care o' him, Matt," she pleaded anxiously. "He ain't accustomed—"

"Don't fret, mammy," interrupted the boy; adding, as he kissed her, "It won't hurt me for once."

Yet, as he crossed the threshold to follow his father down the footpath which had been worn by generations of ploughmen going to and from the farm-stead in the hollow below the cottage, something unfamiliar in himself thrilled responsive to the solitary silence, and a wonder, dim as the dawn itself, grew to his eyes as he looked over the shadowy fields to the level band of primrose light on the horizon, and into the shadowy hedgerows to the primroses that starred their darkness. And how mysterious the river was, all veiled by the grey mist which curved amid the dim fallows like a sleeping snake!

Thoughts—born to him of books—brought a vague consciousness that some clever people, poets and painters, to wit, had lavished all their strength over the crystallisation into permanent form of that very same responsive thrill which had just made him feel as if he had lost and yet found himself.

Nor was he wrong! Millet would have loved to paint the group which, as the dawn grew, showed

upon the upturned red soil that edged the wide stretch of the fallow.

A group curiously at variance in its strenuousness with the calm of the misty morning, yet with the steam from the straining sinews of the team blending with the mistiness, and a look almost of immortal calm in the eyes of the teamster as he handed on the secret of forcing fruitfulness from Mother Earth to the next generation of man.

Or rather, sought to hand it on: for, in truth, as the novelty of the lad's surroundings wore off, their physical discomfort obtruded itself sharply.

That task of paring away the fallow foot by foot, of watching the tilled soil gleam as it slid from the share, seemed interminable. The plodding along with clogged feet strained the lad's muscles; his father's purposeful silence, broken only by inarticulate cries to the team, got on the lad's nerves, accustomed as he was to eternal questions and answers. Then the

plough, hoping for effortless profit. So many white wings drifting aimlessly, buoyantly, in and out of the mist and helping to hide the ceaseless strain of the team and its driver.

That unsatisfied sleep nearly claimed the lad; but he started up with a renewal of novel interest which came with his father's call.

"Now, lad! The stilts and the land are ready for 'ee."

It had looked so easy, almost contemptibly so, that paring away of the fallow like cheese from a knife! But now? Every unaccustomed muscle shrank from the effort as the plough-handles seemed to wrench themselves from the lad's grip.

"That's so! Kep'n going—gerrup, you mare. Stiddy the left hand, lad. Lay'n close to t'other, wedded like. Single fur is barren fur—that's so—now 'ms snug for seed to lie. Keep'n goin'; keep'n goin'."

The teacher's comments—the pride of them ill-concealed by an effort at carelessness—came to an abrupt end. So did the furrow, as the lad deliberately let go the plough-stilts and stood back.

Matt was between them in an instant, steadying the team, and the furrow went on.

"Whatten's that fur?" he asked sharply.

For answer the lad held up his hands.

"They're blistered already, and I shan't be able to write my exercises if I go on. It isn't as if I was going to do it. I'm not. I don't like it, Father. Why should I?"

The hard breathing of the sweat-lathered horses, the soft rustle of the easy white wings, filled the pause until Matt's voice rose above them with the old half-pathetic, wholly argumentative tone in it.

"'Es! For sure, why should 'ee? But, then, why shouldn't 'ee?"

"I don't, anyhow, Father. And it isn't as if work was all ploughing—"

"Aye! That's so," interrupted Matt, his face brightening; "it ain't all so blister-like. There's harrer'n' an' reap'n' an' stack'n' an' thresh'n'—let alone sow'n'. Why, lad, if sow'n's right larnt, as my father larnt it me, there ain't a new-fangled machine made as 'll touch a proper sower, wi' his chest better nor any drill-sargent's, an' his arms a-swingin', an' the good seed a-flyin' around 'm like a swarm o' golden bees"—he paused as if the last flight of imagination had taken his breath away; then added, "an'—an' there's feedin' pigs, an' sechlike."

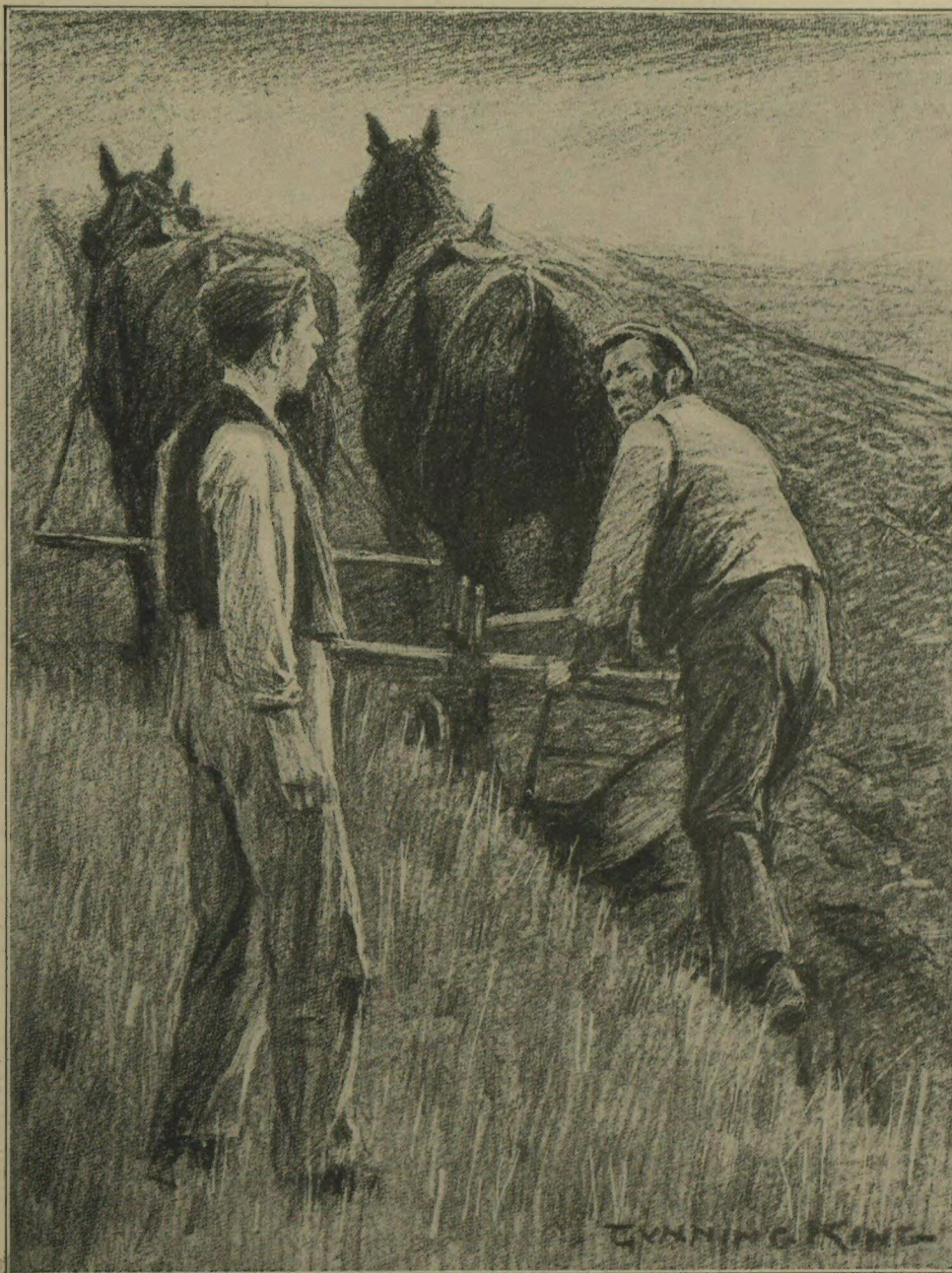
The lad burst into a guffaw, then checked himself half-shamedly, half-impatiently.

"It isn't any use talking, Father. Haven't we talked about it over and over again? Oh, yes! I know about the Scotch ploughman you worked with and his Robbie Burns. Of course, Burns was a poet—why, we learn him at school, though he was only, teacher says, in the second standard—I mean, grade. But I want to be something, and do something real, not to write silly songs that, after all, aren't quite true to Nature—teacher said so." The boy stooped down recklessly to pluck a wide-eyed daisy that was staring up at him. "See for

yourself, father! How could he call that a 'modest, crimson-tippit flower'? Of course, its petals are more or less slightly touched with carmine at the back, but, as a rule, the daisy's most salient characteristic—"

"Ef," interrupted Matt quietly, "'ee'd bin as oft in the fields at dawn, lad, as 'ee would have bin had I had my will, ye would have known. As 'tis, give the cords to the bird-boggle. It'll mayhap keep me company on the old land if 'ee won't. Gerry, mare! Gee-long!"

The dawn had found the daisies asleep many times. The fallow had given place to plough, the plough to stubble, and so, through root-crops and rye-grass, the



"Whatten's that fur?" he asked sharply.

primrose promise of dawn had melted away into a soft, soaking drizzle.

"Best shelter till shower's past, lad," said Matt, pausing, mindful of his wife's petition for care. "There's a shock straw yonder against the makin' o' the bird-boggle. Set'n on end and keep 'ee snug till we come to right level land. Then 'ee shall stand atwixt the stilts 'eeseff an' lay a first furrow—I wager it'll be a good 'un."

Perhaps. It would be amusing to try, anyhow. Meanwhile, it was distinctly more comfortable to shelter in the shock of threshed corn which someone else had sown, someone else had garnered, and idly watch the easy white wings of the gulls that were following the

land had come back to fallow, and still the old cords, which, in truth, had been at first over-smart for a bird-boggle, did their best to clothe the straw semblance of humanity that was made afresh from each year's harvesting.

For the bitter jest of that misty spring morning when the lad made his choice had lingered in Matt's brain, and partly from pure obstinacy, but more from obstinate affection, he had cared curiously for the cast-off garments, never leaving them to brave sun or storm needlessly, but taking them back when their spring or autumn task was over to the cottage which had been left childless when the lad—following in pursuit of his chance—had deserted the village school for the better teaching of towns.

Thus, always at ploughing-time and harrowing, at sowing and reaping, the clothes the lad had once worn had kept the father company until his weather-beaten face had learnt to turn to the bird-boggle as to a friend.

But at last, one autumn day, when the slow rotation of crops had brought the scarecrow to stand in the selfsame spot on which the lad had rested that misty dawn long years before, Matt Warner, as he strove to make the rags cover the straw, realised that even its company would soon be denied him.

mydear anxiously. "He can go with you to-morrow; but he is a-weary yet with the long journey here, and the chill of sun-setting will make him cough more."

But Matt, waiting at the door for the outcome of the argument, stood silent.

"Nonsense, Mother," replied the invalid; "the doctor said day or night." He rose as he spoke, and the effort made him cough.

"'Ee used always to do as I bid 'ee, lad," said Marthamydear, with a tremor in her voice.

The lad bent and kissed her.

"I'll begin to obey to-morrow, dear. To-day is— is holiday-time. Only this once—please"—he stretched out his long arms as if to reach something unseen. "I want to know—if I've forgotten."

Forgotten! As once more he followed his father down the path which led to the farm-steadings and to no other place, the path worn by the footsteps of his forbears, he knew that he had forgotten nothing. For, though autumn in its russet and gold lay before him, what he saw, what filled him with a sense of certainty such as he had never known, was a vision of the primrose light of dawn in the shadowy skies, the primrose stars in the shadowy hedgerows.

"Rest 'ee to lew o' the old bird-boggle, lad," said Matt, with an effort after hardness in his voice; "I'll

of completed work, of garnered grain, of ripened fruit and nurtured young which autumn tells, though even the young birds strengthening their wings in the hedgerows against the dim, mysterious necessity for further flight into the unknown which was beginning to wake in them, sang of it lustily.

His thought, his inward sight, were fixed on what he had seen that misty morning.

And then suddenly he knew why he had failed where others had succeeded.

It was because he understood what others did not understand: because he was free-born not to the secrets of the wise, but to the secret of those who see, who hear the secret of all life.

Death, and Birth, and Sacrifice. The eternal renewal of the sacrament of bread, of the changing of the unchangeable.

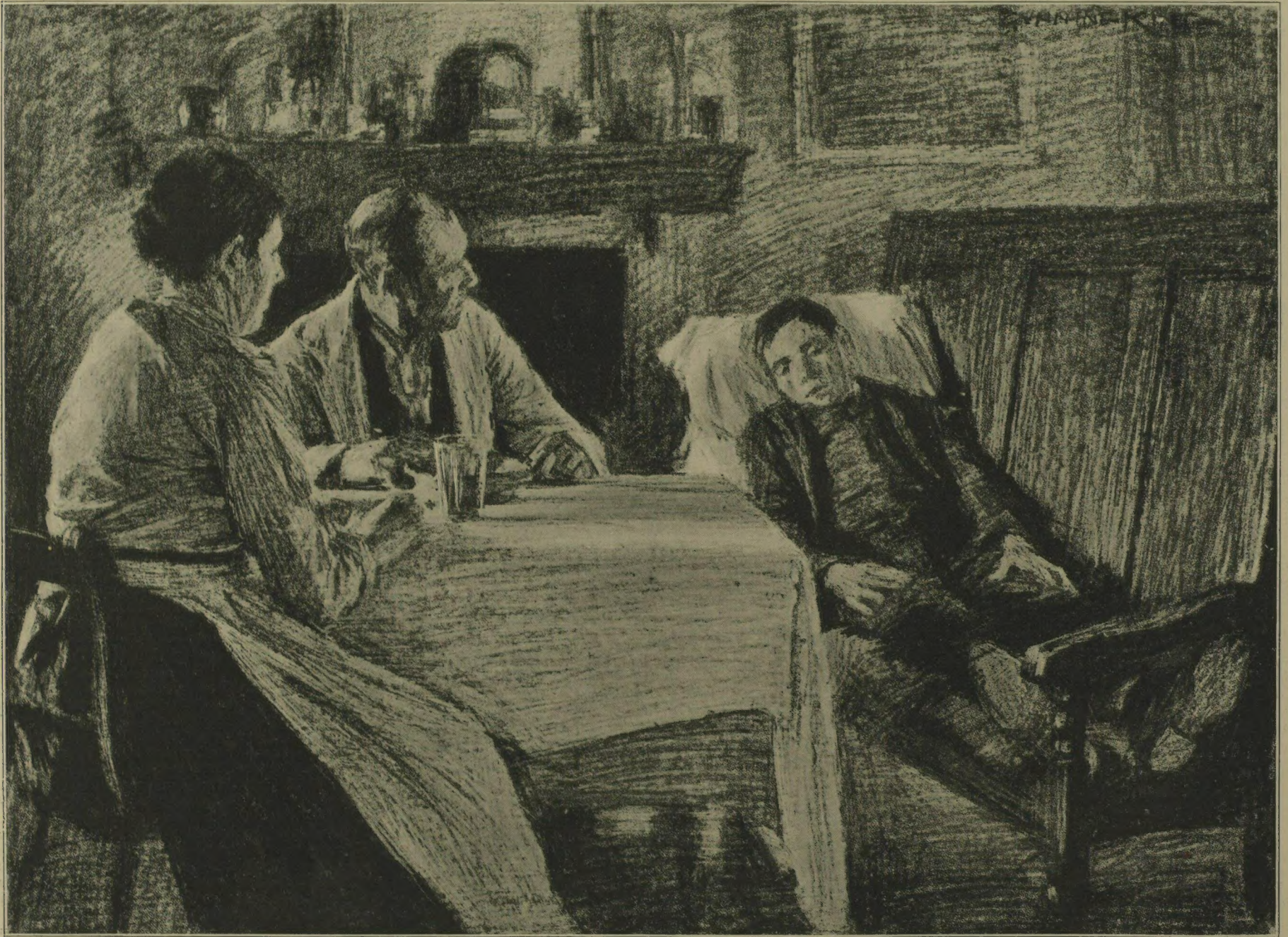
All this he saw.

The dim, inevitable, yet purposeful effort towards something beyond itself even in the dust at his feet.

All this he heard. And knew that in the seeing and hearing of it had lain his chance.

Oh, that misty dawn! How clear it seemed now!

He saw the share scarring the soil relentlessly, the steam of the horses, the strain in his father's face, his strenuous grip on the plough: and behind the toil and



Matt would only stare at the long, lank figure propped by pillows.

The old cords were almost past work. And the lad who had once worn them—what of him?

Matt's weather-beaten face worked as he turned to go back to the cottage which was no longer childless: to which only the evening before a grown man—no longer a lad—had come back, perhaps for ever!

For only that morning the doctor had said gravely, "Let him be out in the fields all day—all night, for that matter. It is his best chance: and he still has one, though it is slight. Look at the framework of him! That belongs to you, Matt, not to your wife. He was meant to be strong."

And then, though Matt and Marthamydear did not know it, the doctor had driven away to tell the parson that the lad couldn't last long. It was acute phthisis, a clear case of over-stimulation, of the unrecognised out-pacing of a village genius in wider competition.

But the words "his best chance" had been enough for Matt. An illimitable regret claimed every fibre of his open-air body and mind. Marthamydear might fuss almost rapturously at having her darling back, sick though he was; but Matt, as he ate his simple dinner ere returning to his work, would only stare at the long, lank figure propped by pillows in the old settle where it had once sat so alertly to share the dim breakfasting at dawn.

His chance! Had it come to be in the fields, after all?

"Bid him stay at home to-day, father," said Marth-

none be long. 'Tis only the 'orse-rake over them stubbles, an' that's quicker nor the old gleanin'—though it used to be right cheerful-like seein' the pore and sechlike gatherin' up the years of corn as was left."

Gathering up what was left! The body and mind at rest in the shelter of the scarecrow felt vaguely that if what had been left out of their harvest had to be gathered up, it would mean the best part of life. Seated there with eyes which saw and yet which did not see, the lad realised how something in himself which he had scorned to reckon with, which he had not cared to know, had kept him restless, uncertain: had, though till now he had not realised it, thwarted his success again and again—such success, at least, as he had been taught to consider worthy of the name.

What was this something?

His father's voice, as the horse-rake paused in passing, roused him from a vague wonder.

"Pull the bird-boggle's coat round thee, lad. It do but hang loose, being most rag, and, for sure, it begins to be a bit sharp at sundown—unless 'ee will go home, lad, to the mother."

"I'll stop with you and the bird-boggle for awhile, Father. I think the doctor was right. I get my breath here."

So he sat looking out at the sea of golden stubble over which the horse-rake was leaving curved golden waves of scanty gleanings. Looking, yet scarcely seeing. He did not apprehend at all the glorious tale

stress that company of white wings, as if the very soul of each new-broken heart of the soil was rising from its grave—

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

The words came in a rapt whisper at his own vision, and he stretched out his hands as if to grasp what he saw—to grasp and hold it for ever.

And then the open, wide-eyed, white face of a daisy growing close beside him as he sat, caught his eye.

What his father had said was true. He had needed the school of dawn, and day, and night. He should have been pupil there.

But it was not too late—not yet! There was time for something! With a strange content thrilling through him, he picked the flower reverently and kissed it as a lover might kiss the lips of his beloved; then, with a sigh of satisfaction, turned his face downwards to mother earth, and so, warm beneath the old cords which the bird-boggle had worn so long, began his first attempt to give form to what he saw.

But when Matt and the horse-rake had finished making their golden waves, there was nothing to show if the attempt had been successful, for this time unsatisfied sleep had really claimed the lad.

This, however, was certain. There was no need to turn round the daisy which he still held to see if it was crimson-tipped. The life-blood of a poet who might have been had vindicated the truth of a poet who had spoken.

THE END.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN CALABRIA: REFUGEES IN THE STREETS.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO FROM A SKETCH BY F. XIMENES.



THE TERRIFIED POPULACE OF REGGIO TAKING REFUGE BESIDE THE STEPS OF THE CATHEDRAL.

Among the extraordinary scenes associated with the earthquake in Calabria none was more pathetic than the rush of terror-stricken country folk to the nearest Cathedral. Although they were warned by the authorities to avoid the neighbourhood of lofty buildings, they went where they thought safety must be. Our Illustration shows the inhabitants of Reggio taking refuge beside the steps of the Cathedral. Many families camped in the Cathedral square, where, in many cases, wounded men and women were tended by their friends.

THE FIRST OF THE AUTUMN LEAVES.

NOVELS AND A NOVELIST'S LIFE.

DRUSIE DACRE, fresh from boarding-school, "knew," like Mr. Henry James's Maisie—as much or as little as that weird infant at first perhaps, but very fully later on. The reader of "The Patient Man" (Methuen) knows too; and discovers Mr. Percy White exploiting the intrigues of an unmoral, but otherwise inconspicuous section of up-to-date society. There is considerable cleverness in this, for the people themselves are woefully mediocre specimens of their set, and still the story preserves a frisky air. It is not an edifying one, and we have found ourselves wondering why an author who possesses a certain discretion and a sense of humour should choose to handle material that might, for the general advantage, have been better left alone; but Mr. White is probably justified in considering that to be his own affair. Perhaps he has been at some pains to study the taste of a public that prefers to appease appetite for disagreeable situations without being challenged by the crudity of newspaper reports. An awkward theme is neatly garnished here with smartness and an epigram or two, but in spite of these embellishments its radical deformity, when exigencies demand its unveiling, is distinctly repellent. Why should Drusie only learn the nature of the relation between her mother and Heathcote after she has married the man? Mr. White uses the Divorce Court with facility, to free her from her fetters, but most people, we think, will feel that his remedy comes at least six chapters too late, at any rate to relieve him from the imputation of wilfully enhancing the unpleasantness of the prime situation.

The chief fault one has to find with a novel like "The Ford" (John Lane) is that it is too leisurely written. The author spreads his subject as if he were one of the old masters. Two or three of his characters are interesting in a mild way; but the interest has nearly evaporated before we have done with them. Paul Glendayne, the kindly middle-aged person who has left off being a Don Juan, and goes in for a little wholesome self-sacrifice, grows a trifle tedious. He might marry his cousin Stella, who is half his age, if he persisted; although she is not in love with him, and would take him to please her father. But as there is a young man in the case, son of a lady who was one of Paul's greatest attachments, the middle-aged suitor lets the young 'un go in and win. This is the pith of the whole matter; it is not particularly exciting; and Paul ends by making the reader as languid as himself. Stella has her spirited moments. Somebody in her presence talks cant about war as "a brutal trade," and soldiers as "generally a stupid and brutal race." As two of her brothers were soldiers, Stella has something to say. "Man is always at strife. And the man who endures danger and pain and hardships for no material gain seems to me at least as noble as the man who sits safely within four walls, and either tries to get the better of his adversaries financially or calls them names in a newspaper." That is true, and admirably put. But there is not much of the same quality in "The Ford."

Mr. Bram Stoker has an excellent gift of storytelling, as readers of "Dracula" must gratefully remember. But there is less than his usual aptness in "The Man" (Heinemann). Mr. Stoker appears to have started with the idea of making his heroine, who is named Stephen because she ought to have been a boy, grow up with very independent notions of the rights of womanhood. One of them is that a woman ought to be just as much entitled to ask a man to marry her as a man is entitled to ask a woman. This would be all very well if we found it part of the natural growth of the girl's mind. But, except for this idea, Stephen is a rather incredibly unsophisticated damsel. She goes to Petty Sessions with her father, who is a magistrate, expressly to acquire a knowledge of good and evil; and yet she remains as ignorant as before. Mr. Stoker scarcely seems to know what to do with her. She makes a proposal of marriage to the least likely man of her acquaintance, we cannot tell why. He is a cad and rejects her, but subsequently tries to make it up by a proposal on his own account. But now she will not have him; and why she wanted him at first is still inexplicable. There is another young man, to whom she would most naturally have made her offer. But he must be got out of the country in order to reappear at the end with a halo of pathetic affliction. Mr. Stoker has not constructed this or indeed any part of the story with skill. But the book is pleasantly written, and much better than a host of its contemporaries.

If the mild title of "Susan Wood and Susan Won" (Heinemann) leads anyone to expect a simple love-story, they will be disappointed; the subject-matter is made of sterner stuff. Murders and mysteries have gone out of fashion in novels lately; but Miss Emma Brooke has made such good use of her tragedy that her courage in opposing a convention is worth commendation. It is not a pretty story, this tale of fratricide and unrepentance; where it succeeds is in its logical development of character and circumstance. Its weak point is its redundancy, and this we lay stress upon, because Miss Brooke ought not to be permitted to detract from her peculiar gift by piling up superfluous details. As a matter of fact, Susan and Martin, the young lovers, could have been left out altogether, or better still, their romance incorporated in another volume. They are overshadowed

by the motive for Uncle Frederick's murder, and they are "washy" beside so much strong colour. Benny, on the other hand, the child who knew who had committed the crime and carried the knowledge locked in his bosom through his boyhood, should have been better developed, because his unwilling complicity heightens the sinister effect of the secret. Miss Brooke, if she means to take seriously to the fiction of the psychological relations of crime and the criminal, must put aside all idea of combining it with pastoral effects. Her "relief" works out merely as irrelevant interpolation; and we repeat that the chief motive in "Susan Wood and Susan Won" is too vital, too grim, to be overlaid by a commonplace counterplot.

Given certain combinations in fiction, certain events will succeed with a mathematical precision. For example, a young girl who has inherited vast estates will be "crossed in love" with a handsome youth, by reason of the machinations of a middle-aged schemer. It is not difficult, therefore, to perceive the trend of "The Passport" (Methuen), when Donna Bianca Acorari, Princess of Montefiano in her own right, meets an agreeable young man on the stairs of her palace, and he is discovered by her step-mother's brother, the Baron d'Antin, who is a sleek Belgian man of the world, embracing her in a leafy arbour a few score pages further on. The spectacle of their clandestine meeting, which was quite undesignated on the Princess's part, enflamed the Baron's jaded heart: he, too, aspired to Bianca's favour, and since he had been forestalled by maiden inclination, he set to work to arrange a forced marriage between himself and the heiress. Mr. Bagot is palpably of a kindly disposition, and his story has a docility about it very soothing to the nerves; we do not feel seriously alarmed on Bianca's behalf, though we cannot bring ourselves to put the story away until we have read it all, down to that last page where the young couple stand bowing and smiling before a loyal peasantry. The author is sympathetic to these creations of his, and he is so persuasive in his art that we, too, must follow them, with a warm interest, if without any very acute apprehensions, until the good priest of the story—there is a bad priest too, but he meets with his deserts—has given them the marriage blessing.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has written a very long book in two volumes (Chatto and Windus) about Charles Dickens, whom he knew very well, and remembers with great minuteness. This minuteness is evidently a great joy to Mr. Fitzgerald. He sets down a vast number of little things, and repeats them over and over again. Not originally fresh and inspiring, they end by becoming intolerably wearisome. We don't want anybody to say of Dickens at this time of day: "What an observer he was!" Mr. Fitzgerald is always saying it. He tries the Dickens method of observation by describing the elaborate process through which the novelist put his features when he was about to say something funny. He cocked a comic eye and a comic eyebrow, and the rest of the face followed in due order, and then the jest was born. Judging from the specimens Mr. Fitzgerald gives us, Dickens's domestic pleasantries were usually of the feeblest. He kept his real fun for his books. He had no powers of conversation. Even Mr. Fitzgerald admits in a grudging way that several people talked better than his hero—Wilkie Collins, for instance, and John Forster. Dickens, who was wholly without affectation, was so conscious of this superiority in others that he was always a listener rather than a talker at his own table. Abraham Hayward, who invited him to a talking party, dismissed him as "commonplace." This, no doubt, would incense Mr. Fitzgerald if he knew it, for he thinks it is still the business of the world to worship Dickens as a sublime prodigy. He recalls that Anthony Trollope once dared to caricature Dickens in a book, and that George Henry Lewes expressed a very contemptuous opinion of Dickens's social views, and he evidently wonders that two such impious men were permitted by heaven to go on living. We fear this impiety is so widespread that many people will find it quite impossible to wade through Mr. Fitzgerald's iterations of his deep devotion to the great writer's memory. We have long been fully acquainted with everything there is to tell about Charles Dickens, and the subject is threadbare. Mr. Fitzgerald throws no new light on anything; and having no humour and no sense of proportion he treats an infinity of trifles much as Sergeant Buzfuz treated the chops and tomato sauce. This is really enough to make Dickens come out of his grave, and favour his biographer with the kind of visitation which Scrooge received from Marley's Ghost. There is, however, one original thing in the book, and that is an attempt to show that Thackeray "helped himself profusely" to Dickens's ideas. A critic who sees in Captain Costigan and his daughter an imitation of the Crummles family will see anything. A critic who believes Jos Sedley to be purloined from Mr. Tupman will believe anything. To crown all, Mr. Fitzgerald finds that Thackeray took a touch of social satire from the Veneerings in "Our Mutual Friend." He might have said with better reason that the Veneerings represented an essay by Dickens in Thackeray's vein, and a very bad essay. But the elementary fact that Thackeray could not have stolen from the Veneerings something to put into "Philip," because he happened to be dead, has not occurred to Mr. Fitzgerald.

VARIOUS SPORTS.

THE difficulty of finding sport in our streams has been the means of making many sea-anglers, whence the increasing number of such works as Mr. P. L. Haslope's "Practical Sea Fishing" (Upcott Gill). This unpretentious volume is an excellent example of its kind, written as it is by a man who combines with knowledge of sea-fishing in all its branches ability to impart the information he has gleaned for the benefit of others. Having regard to the number of men who now seek sport with rod and line off our coasts, and to the differences that exist between river-fishing and sea fishing, the author does wisely to treat his subject from the A B C as it were; and the methods he counsels have borne the test of experience. He has profited by the opportunities lifelong residence on the South Devon coast have afforded him, and his success with bass, conger, pollack, and the many other species of fish to be taken by the sea-angler would seem to be due in no small measure to the attention he has bestowed upon their life habits. Mr. Haslope, like all successful sportsmen, is something of a naturalist at heart. His book contains an immense quantity of useful information concerning boats, gear, and lures; and his descriptions of appliances to which the novice must be a stranger are helped out by rough, but clearly drawn sketches. We do not remember to have read a book on sea-fishing more thoroughly practical.

Mr. Barton has necessarily covered much familiar ground in "Sporting Dogs and their Management" (Everett), but there are some novel features of the work which enhance its utility and interest. The character, shape, and colour of each breed of dog, with the "scale of points" observed by show-bench judges, have been repeated over and over again; but the author has included chapters giving the rules of such organisations as the International Gun Dog League and Gamekeepers' Kennel Association, which make the improvement of working-dogs, as distinguished from show-dogs, their special care. Field-trials have been an institution for many years now, and the reputation gained by a winning dog in these carries far more weight with the breeder of working setter, pointer, or spaniel than the longest tale of successes on the show-bench, where the proverbially erroneous policy of judging by appearances obtains. A particularly interesting chapter is that contributed by a gamekeeper on the training and use of night dogs for the protection of game preserves against poachers. The bull mastiff employed for this purpose can hardly claim place among "sporting dogs"; but if a strict line were drawn, other breeds, as the Borzoi and Dandie Dinmont, must also be banished.

We turned first to the reminiscent chapters in Mr. Vardon's book, "The Complete Golfer" (Methuen) to see what he had to say about the links on which the famous foursome has been played. St. Anne's and Troon, abounding in sandhills, he considers excellent. Deal "he has not enjoyed recent acquaintance with"—before this appears in print his acquaintance with Deal will have been conspicuous—but the sporting "Sandy Parlour" impressed him favourably. In regard to the St. Andrews bunkers he is on the side of the adverse critics. In spite of the beautiful second hole, and the seventh and the eleventh, which he declares to be the finest one-hole shot to be found anywhere, he does not give the celebrated Fifeshire course the palm among golfing-links, and so in the eyes of many Northern players is guilty of rank heresy, no doubt. First he places Sandwich. Pre-eminently it demands perfect drives from every tee, and all its greens are well and fairly guarded. After Sandwich, Prestwick. Its third hole, he says, is one that stirs the soul of the dare-devil golfer, for after he has dispatched the ball safely and well from the tee, he finds the big, gaping bunker, the famous "Cardinal," ahead of him for his second—an ugly brute that gives a sickening feeling to the man who is off his game. The ninth, again, is a really perfect two-shot hole—"the finest hole to be found on any links"—where the slightest flaw with the drive or the second means disaster, as Mr. Laidlay experienced when he lost an amateur championship here. Mr. Vardon's recollections, however, occupy a small part only of his modestly and well-written volume. Beyond everything he is instructive. No one is better entitled by his practice to expound the theory of his play, and this he does with the greatest lucidity. With the aid of the photographs which illustrate the text, one easily understands the Vardon overlapping grip, which procures in the two hands the action as of one, and is used by its inventor not only through the green but in putting as well. In what the author says of this delicate part of the game, the most novel advice concerns a running-through shot in playing stymies—practically the follow-through stroke in billiards, and only possible when the intervening ball is very close to the hole and the player's ball very close to it. With every club, Mr. Vardon has some nicety to recommend—with the cleek, for example, a long approach half-shot, hit in the fair centre of the ball, which not only travels low but drops quickly and fairly dead. Few amateurs, indeed, have the leisure, to say nothing of the skill, to follow the author's methods; but the nearer they are to scratch the more will they enjoy his exposition of their favourite game.

THE CALABRIAN EARTHQUAKE: SCENES OF DEVASTATION AND DEATH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABENIACAR.



1. HOUSE WHERE A FAMILY OF TEN PERSONS PERISHED AT PARGHELIA.

2. SURVIVORS AT STEFANOCONI.

3. THE RUINED CHURCH AT PARGHELIA.

4. THE DISCOVERY OF A LITTLE GIRL ALIVE AND ANOTHER DEAD IN THE SAME CAVITY.

5. THE RUINED INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH AT STEFANOCONI.

6. ZAMMARO: ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE TOWN.

7. ZAMMARO: THE LAST HOPELESS QUEST.

The written word can do little to enable us to realise the full horror of the earthquake that has devastated so much of Calabria and the district surrounding; pictures are more eloquent. Here we show something of the scene of desolation—a glimpse at the ruins that were well-ordered villages, houses, or churches but two weeks since. At the conclusion of his journey through the stricken district, King Victor Emmanuel said, "My eyes have brought back with them from the scene of the earthquake a vision of horror and suffering such as no imagination could conceive, no pen describe."

JOHN CHINAMAN AS A DIAMOND-MINER: HIS WAY OF LIFE IN THE RAND.

By A MINING ENGINEER.

NOW that the Chinese Labour question is well to the fore, some account of actual experiences with the yellow labourers on the Rand may not be uninteresting. I have no theories and no fads, but I saw the first batch of Chinamen march on to our mine's premises. I have worked with them, and spent anxious days and nights in helping to keep them under when they have broken out. What I have to say is the truth as I have seen it, told without prejudice or exaggeration.

To begin with, let me remark that the policy of mine-managers has been to hush up all troubles. The full story of the rioting has never been told. If the Chinamen broke out and threatened whites or native boys, we were ordered to use no violence, even though our lives were threatened, and the coolie fellows soon learned that they could go a long way without being hit back. Secondly, I may say it was wrong to entrust Chinamen with dynamite and other explosives. We have had some bad accidents in the past twelve months, and men have been blown to pieces through the careless handling of high explosives. But you can't get them to understand. Either their intelligence is a low-grade proposition, or in their complete satisfaction with themselves they have no room for further information. At the same time, they hate the white men because of the accidents.

They are an unsavoury crowd to handle, and revel in mischief of every kind. Devilry is, perhaps, a better

the ubiquitous Chinese pickpocket, and many of us whose share of the world's goods is small have suffered some heavy losses, for which there is no redress. A Chinaman can keep everything well, and a secret

is out of his element. He is like a fresh-fish in salt water, or a sea-fish in a lake. The only feeling he has is that he is away from home, that he is at the mercy of his overseers, that his employers don't

endeavoured to help them along, to make their work easier and more intelligible. Particularly I have tried to teach them prudence in the handling of dynamite and kindred explosives; but they are the most unresponsive crew I ever met. I may say I have worked in many countries and have been in charge of hundreds of men of colour. For the most part, they have responded to fair treatment; the Chinaman does not. Perhaps he cannot.

They say that the men recruited for the Rand labour market are not fair samples of what China can raise. I'm told that in many cases they were criminals who left their country for their country's good, and in the compounds the worst can corrupt the best in a very little while. By the side of the Chinaman the Kaffir is a gentleman. He will not work for long, and he can do his fair share of fighting; he will get drunk if there is any "Cape smoke" to be lifted, and at times he will run amok. But there are depths your Kaffir has never plumbed, and John Chinaman lives in the lowest of them.

Some men who understand things, while admitting the criminal theory I have outlined, believe that the worst trouble comes because the Chinaman



GENERAL VIEW IN CHINESE QUARTER.

Photographs at the Sumner and Jack G. M. Co., supplied by G. A. Frodsham.



CHINESE SELECTING DRILLS.



CHINESE ENJOYING THEIR MEAL IN A SUNNY CORNER.

word than mischief in this instance. It was a rule in our mine that when a man had to climb up on a rope or rope ladder from one stage to another, a Chinaman should always go first. If this simple insurance were disregarded, some Celestial gentleman, quite unseen, would be fairly safe to take the chance of hurling rock or stones on the head of the climber. On many occasions these Chinamen have tampered with the cage by which we go to our work, and we have to examine the fittings carefully every time. The conditions of work have even got upon the nerves of men who have served on mining staffs in wilder countries than South Africa. The railway points have been deliberately altered on several occasions: small accidents have resulted, and big ones been averted by chance. Indeed, I think it fair to say that John Chinaman has no moral sense at all as we Westerners see things, and he would not flinch from any action, however monstrous. He can work well when he likes, and is not too well treated by his overseers. Sometimes he seeks revenge. We had the whole camp out one night because we interfered to prevent an unpopular overseer from being roasted alive.

The Chinaman as I have met him on the Rand is not on speaking terms with honesty. You can leave nothing within his reach. He is as susceptible to bright colours as a magpie, and when once a thing has disappeared it will never come back. Money, jewels, clothes, all are one to

best of all. The majority of the men on the Rand are members of secret societies that have adherents all over China. No criminal is ever betrayed and nothing stolen is given up.

I have tried to pick up a little of the language and to get on friendly terms with some of the coolies. I have

understand him. Consequently, say the theorists when anything goes wrong, he breaks out; perhaps, if he can, he runs away. Out on the veldt he must starve or steal; he has a bad name, and people are afraid of him; he can't explain his intentions—not every man would give him time. Maybe this is right; the question is, perhaps, beyond the ken of a man whose life is given to practice rather than theories. The only thing I am sure about is that you must coerce the Chinaman or send him home—you can't coax him. If the present company to be found on the Rand is a fair sample of the Chinese labourer, he wants more policing than is provided for. Things have not improved since he came out; they have gone from bad to worse, and the native overseers are not to be trusted. I believe they sometimes punish the wrong men for fear of the right ones.

It may be right to coerce or it may be wrong; our legislators will satisfy themselves about that; but it is ludicrous to treat men in accordance with principles they cannot understand. If there were a few dozen administrators who understood the Chinese language as well as the British tradition, the problem could be solved with nothing more than hard work. But we have been working in the dark. For myself that is very literal truth. Night after night, at the end of a long day's work, I have been called upon to turn out and join the white handful that has had the job of quieting as savage a mob as ever sought to disturb the peace. And things tend to get worse.—R. S. M.



CHINESE POLICE QUARTERS' COMPOUND: INTERIOR.

JOHN CHINAMAN AS A DIAMOND-MINER: THE PROBLEM OF THE ALIEN RAND LABOURER.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY FRODSHAM.



A WARDROBE IN THE RAFTERS: THE SLEEPING QUARTERS OF THE CHINESE COOLIES IN THE DIAMOND MINES.

The problem of Chinese Labour in the South African mines has not been solved by the arrival of the coolies in their thousands. Now they are at work, their order and discipline leave much to be desired. Difficulties of control are largely increased by the inability of the white men to deal directly with their new labourers, and desertions and outrage have made a very unfavourable impression upon the surrounding population. Our Illustration shows the Chinamen in their quarters in a diamond mine, and gives a glimpse of a native wardrobe in the rafters.

THE KING IN THE HIGHLANDS: GLENQUOICH AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERTSON AND BY WHYIE.



LOCH QUOICH FROM THE WINDOWS OF THE LODGE.



WHERE THE KING FISHED: LOCH HOURN.



GLENQUOICH LODGE FROM THE EAST.



The King's Bed-Room. The King's Sitting-Room.
THE KING'S APARTMENTS AT GLENQUOICH LODGE.



GLENQUOICH LODGE FROM THE LOCH.

Immediately after the great review at Edinburgh his Majesty left for Glenquoich, the Highland residence of Lord Burton. Glenquoich Lodge, on the shores of Loch Quoich, is one of the most picturesque parts of the Highlands, and for romantic scenery far surpasses even the King's own residence, Balmoral.

THE GREAT SCOTTISH REVIEW: PROMINENT OFFICERS ON PARADE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE COURTESY OF MESSRS. NELSON, OF THE "SCOTTISH REVIEW."



Photo, Hosking.
GENERAL HUPPISLEY,
ONE OF THE BRIGADIERS OF THE
REVIEW



Photo, Elliott and Fry.
COLONEL THE MARQUIS OF
BREADALBANE,
COMMANDING THE 5th V.B. BLACK WATCH.



Photo, Gordon.
MAJOR GORDON TOCHER
(NAIRN VOLUNTIERS), PRESENT AT THE
THREE GREAT REVIEWS.



Photo, Lafayette.
GENERAL BROADWOOD,
ONE OF THE BRIGADIERS OF THE
REVIEW.



Photo, W. & A. G. Ritchie.
SIR THOMAS LIPTON, BART.,
HONORARY COLONEL 2nd V.B. H.L.I.,
INJURED AT THE REVIEW.



Photo, Johnson and Hoffmann.
GENERAL TROTTER,
BRIGADIER OF THE REVIEW.



Photo, Drummond Shiels.
THE PRIME MOVER OF THE REVIEW: SIR ROBERT CRANSTON,
COLONEL OF THE QUEEN'S RIFLE VOLUNTEER BRIGADE.



Photo, W. & A. G. Ritchie.
MAJOR H. E. BALFOUR,
MAJ. GEN. FOR THE REVIEW



Photo, Whyte.
COLONEL HUGH HALLETT,
COMMANDING SECOND INFANTRY DIVISION.



Photo, W. & A. G. Ritchie.
GENERAL LORD LOVAT,
ONE OF THE BRIGADIERS OF THE REVIEW.



Photo, Downey.
GENERAL STEVENSON,
ONE OF THE BRIGADIERS OF THE REVIEW.



Photo, Fradette and Young.
THE EARL OF WEMYSS,
FATHER OF VOLUNTEERING.



Photo, Bailey.
SERGEANT FERGIE, O.R.V.B.,
PRESENT AT THE REVIEWS OF 1860, 1881,
AND 1905.



Photo, W. & A. G. Ritchie.
THE MARQUIS OF GRAHAM,
COMMANDING THE ROYAL NAVAL
VOLUNTIERS.



Photo, Annan.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL THE RT. HON.
SIR J. H. A. MACDONALD,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE ROYAL
COMPANY OF ARCHERS.



Photo, Bara.
GENERAL BROWNE,
ONE OF THE BRIGADIERS OF THE
REVIEW.



Photo, Morgan.
COLONEL PURVIS,
COMMANDING SECOND ARTILLERY
BRIGADE.



DUKE OF BUCKLEUCH.

LORD LATHAM.

DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

H.M. THE KING.

SIR ROBERT CRANSTON.

A NEW LEASE OF LIFE FOR THE SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS.—THE KING REVIEWING THE CITIZEN ARMY OF THE NORTH AT EDINBURGH, SEPTEMBER 18: THE MARCH PAST.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN EDINBURGH.

Forty thousand men, mobilised from all parts of Scotland within twenty-four hours, assembled on the historic parade-ground between Arthur's Seat and Holyrood, and marched past his Majesty, who declared that he would have come twice as far to see so fine a spectacle. The day marks a new era in the fortunes of the Volunteers, who have lately had something less than the official consideration they deserve. Our Artist's drawing shows the march-past of the first Lothian Brigade, led by Colonel Sir Robert Cranston, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, who organised the Review.

THE GREAT REVIEW AT EDINBURGH: TYPES OF SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



FAMOUS REGIMENTS OF THE VOLUNTEER DIVISION IN SCOTLAND.

In the back row (reading from the left) the types are: Gordon Highlanders, Mounted Infantry, Royal Artillery. In the second row from the left Highland Light Infantry (active service dress), Cameron Highlanders, Royal Highlanders, Seaforth Highlanders, Machine-gun section, Royal Artillery, and another man of the Machine-gun section. In the front row, also from the left, Royal Engineers, Cameromans, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, and Royal Scots Fusiliers.



THE WATER-SAW ON THE ZAMBESI: THE WATER-WORN GORGE CROSSED BY THE NEW GREAT BRIDGE ON THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN J. STEVENSON.

Below the Victoria Falls the Zambesi winds with endless twistings through the gorges here depicted. Through this passage the waters pour with a terrible deafening rush. One of the most singular features of the Falls is the spray, which rises continually in huge steam-like columns. It was Cecil Rhodes's picturesque desire that the windows of the railway carriages as they crossed the bridge should be dashed with the spray of the Falls.



NAVAL AMBULANCE PRACTISED WITH THE GERMAN FLEET: HOISTING THE WOUNDED ON BOARD THE HOSPITAL-SHIP.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG.

During the recent German naval manœuvres special ambulance practice was carried out. Boats flying the Red Cross flag and covered with canvas awnings picked up and carried to the side of the hospital-ship supposed wounded men, twenty to thirty-five in each boat. The patients were then hoisted on board the ship on stretchers rigged to a block and tackle.

VOLCANIC WONDERS OF THE WORLD: AMONG THE GEYSERS OF YELLOWSTONE PARK, U.S.A.

STEREOGRAPH COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.



NATURE SUPPLIES THE FISH-KETTLE: A FISHERMAN COOKING A NEWLY-CAUGHT TROUT IN A BOILING SPRING.

The 3348 square miles of the American National Park abound in volcanic wonders, including the famous "Old Faithful" Geyser. Along the shores of the lake are volcanic cones containing boiling streams, in which a fisherman may cook the trout he has just caught.

VOLCANIC WONDERS OF THE WORLD: AMONG THE GEYSERS OF YELLOWSTONE PARK, U.S.A.

STEREOGRAPHS COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.



THE DEVIL'S PUNCH-BOWL: AN OMINOUS BUBBLING.

The Devil's Punch-Bowl is a low truncated cone about twelve feet across. It is filled to the brim with boiling water, which bubbles and steams like a gigantic cauldron. At the moment of our photograph the Punch-Bowl was giving warning of great activity.



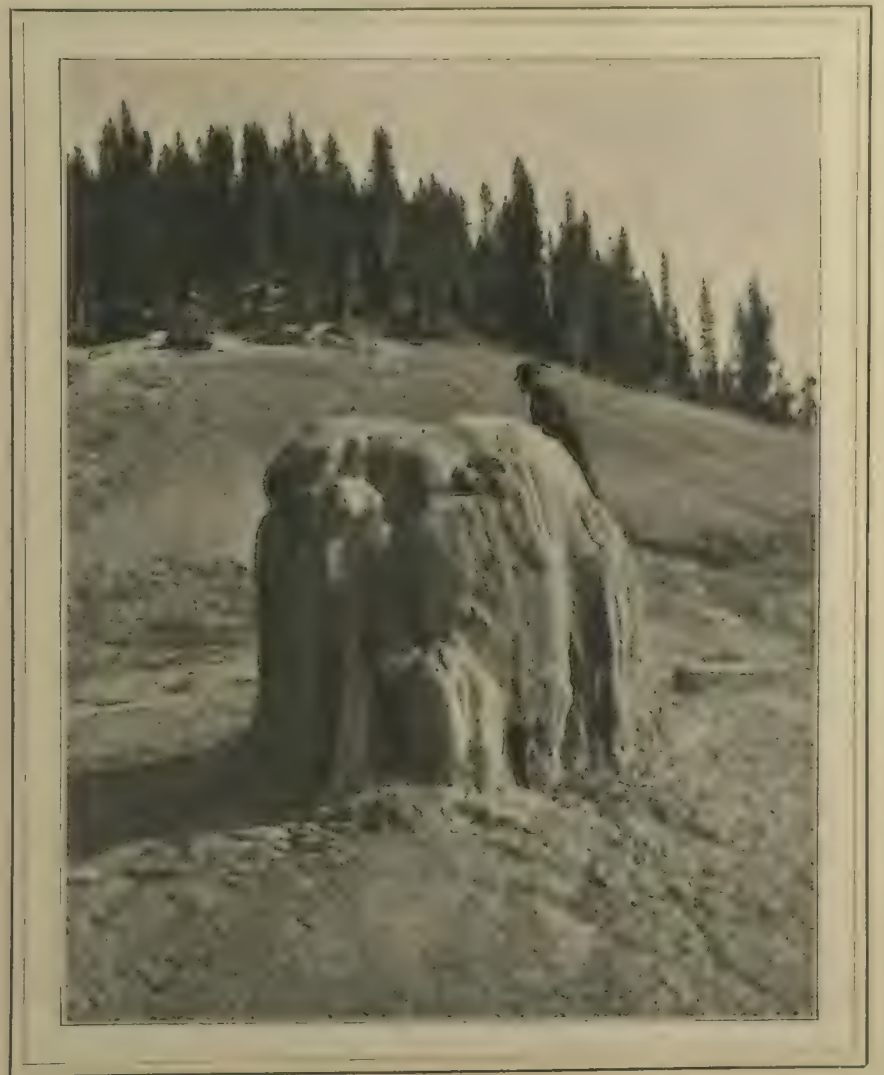
GROTESQUE SHAPES OF GEYSERITE.

These formations, caused by the solidification and accretion of the minerals held in solution by the waters of the geysers, occur in their most fantastic form among the pools of the hot-water lake known as Riscuit Basin.



THE MYSTERIOUS CRATER OF THE GEYSER "OLD FAITHFUL."

The most famous of all the geysers, and the one that throws up the most tremendous stream, is extremely regular in its eruptions, and visitors who calculate their time well may, without danger, go up to the crater and peer into it.



THE CONE OF THE "LONE STAR" GEYSER.

The incrustation is formed by the deposit left by the water which falls back over the cone at each eruption. The cone of the Lone Star Geyser is being gradually built and enlarged by this accretion.

THE ENEMY SHOWS HIMSELF: PTARMIGAN'S SKIRMISHING TACTICS.

DRAWN BY G. E. LODGE.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, SEPT. 23, 1905.—419

PROTECTION: PTARMIGAN CROUCHING FROM THE GYR-FALCON.

The ptarmigan, hill-top cousin of the red grouse of moorland and the black game of the lower lands, is rather a helpless bird, but Nature has endowed him with certain powers of protection. In the summer his colouring is in perfect harmony with the bleak hill-tops that are his home, and, when winter clothes the hills with snow, he too takes a white dress. When the dreaded falcon invades his home, he creeps and crouches and seeks safety in hollows and among boulders until the coast is clear. As a game-bird, the ptarmigan is hard to find, but once found is easily brought to bay.

THE EARLY DAYS OF SPORTS.—No. II., GOLF: MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS ON THE LINKS.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, SEPT. 23, 1905.—441

QUEEN MARY, WITH CHASTELARD IN ATTENDANCE, PLAYING AT ST. ANDREWS, 1563.

During the winter of 1563, Mary stayed for several months at St. Andrews, occupying a house in South Street which remains to this day. There is a tradition that the Queen yielded to the inevitable spell of the place, and played golf. It may very well be believed, for it is certain that she used to play at Edinburgh. During that winter Chastelard rose to favour, presumed, and was beheaded in the market-place of St. Andrews.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

DO WE EAT TOO MUCH?

The question which heads this article is one which has been prominently discussed of late days in the journals, both professional and lay. The chief interest in the question has centred around certain experiments made by an American scientist, Professor Chittenden. He dieted carefully a number of men in good health, and as nearly as possible of like build and similar age. Careful examination was made of their weight and their working power under varying dietaries. The general result of the Professor's work may be summed up in the statement that the quantities of nutriment represented in our ordinary diet-tables are over the mark. On lessened amounts, it is stated, health was maintained and working power unimpaired.

It is necessary in discussing a question which, like that before us, is of great practical importance to the race at large, to ascertain first of all by what standard the average amounts of food required are reckoned up. Let us begin by reminding ourselves that food discharges a double duty. We resemble the engine in that we demand material for its build, and fuel out of which its "energy" and "power of doing work" may be developed. In the engine we have, say, iron or steel, representing the first class of elements, and coal, the second. There is no such rigid distinction to be drawn between the two classes of foods we subsist upon. In truth, certain of them from each class are so far interchangeable, though the line of demarcation is still fairly defined. It is as if the captain of a steamer, finding himself short of coal, broke up his deck and used the wood for fuel. I repeat, to a certain extent such a process is represented in our bodies. In the absence of enough of one particular article or constituent of diet, the deficiency may be made up from other elements.

The two classes of diet are those containing nitrogenous principles and those affording non-nitrogenous ones. Albumen of egg and meat, gluten of flour, casein of milk, legumen of peas, beans, and lentils are familiar examples of the first series. They are the typical body-builders, and supply the material basis of our tissues. They may, as I have said, contribute also in some degree to our energy-supply. The non-nitrogenous foods are fat, starch, and sugar; and, of course, water and minerals also form necessary and all-important constituents of every diet. These are the typical fuels of the human engine. Fat contains more carbon than starch and sugar, and thus probably presents a greater amount of material for oxidation, or that process of chemical combustion through which energy is liberated. Fat is, however, also required as part of the tissue-substance, but the body can and does make fat out of that which is not fat—starch and sugar to wit. This fact explains the reason why the doctor reduces the amounts of such foods in the dietary of the obese man.

It has generally been laid down that the proportion of our body-building foods to that of our fuel-foods may be regarded for ordinary work as standing in the relation of one to four or four and a-half. That is, as the engine requires much more coal to develop power than it does iron to repair its waste, so our frames demand a larger proportion of fuel-food than of body-building material—though in the living engine, of course, repair of the tissues is a much more constant work than in the machine. I have been looking up some figures respecting the amount of work which a powerful man may be regarded as capable of performing in his day's labour—work, say, of his muscles and also the intrinsic work of his body in maintaining heat, and in supplying energy for the action of heart, lungs, and other organs.

This estimate says that his daily labour represents a lifting force equal to that needed to raise 2200 lb. to a height of 1094 yards. Now a calculation of the diet on which this work could be done gives us seventeen ounces of lean meat, seventeen ounces of bread, and four to five ounces of fat. Another estimate states the amount of actual material which would be placed at the service of the body (not allowing for waste and indigestibles) as four and a-half ounces of nitrogenous food, fifteen ounces of starch and sugar, and three of fat. Here we get very near to the proportion of one of the nitrogenous to four and a-half of the other class of food.

Professor Chittenden, as I construe his observations, would hold that these amounts are really excessive, and that both the work of body repair and of energy-production can be satisfactorily discharged on a less quantity of nutrient material. He relies on his researches to prove this. Probably he is right. One has but to look around the diet-lists of the world to witness many illustrations of an apparently meagre diet, which none the less suffices for the wants of human bodies, and for the due development of energy. I am certain, for example, that in the North of Scotland we could find instances of a fairly meagre diet—consisting of that meal which Dr. Johnson said was only fit for horses, provoking the retort that you could find nothing finer than Northern men or horses—producing very excellent results. Again, in the Far East we see wonders of strength and endurance developed chiefly on rice as the staple article of diet.

It is not at all improbable, however, that climate, race, personal habit, and other conditions, act powerfully in determining not only the kind of food suitable for us, but also the amount necessary. Your rustic, able-bodied and strong, will make a hearty meal in the field of bread and cheese (this last an admirable food), such as would give a City-dweller violent and lasting indigestion. The whole question, beyond the scientific data to which I have alluded, is, however, a matter of the conditions of life; but I suspect in the main our American cousin is right.—ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

C MACCALLUM (Glasgow).—Easiness is not the only merit of a chess problem. Were it so we might be able to accept your contribution, but as it stands it is too elementary for our use.

T ROBERTS (Hackney).—If Black reply with 1. Q to Q 7th, how does Kt to Q Kt 3rd mate? You surely overlook Black's Bishop on K Kt sq.

ALBERT WOLFF (Putney).—In reply to Q to K 2nd in No. 3199, Q takes Q is sufficient. The Kt cannot mate at Q Kt 3rd.

C BURNETT (Biggleswade).—We look forward to the receipt of your problem with pleasure.

A G BRADLEY (Dublin).—Your problem is not overlooked, but it has to take its turn with a crowd of others. We can only publish one a week, and these replies show how many we receive.

R BEK (Colsterworth).—Your article is very interesting, and presents an aspect of the game which is often overlooked. We are, however, too limited in space to attempt to deal with it, and here we have to set up standards of exactness and precision.

F HENDERSON (Leeds).—The error is an obvious one, arising from a little confusion in the transcription. The note applies to White's tenth move, not his eighth.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from F Healey, H J M, and S E Gardner.

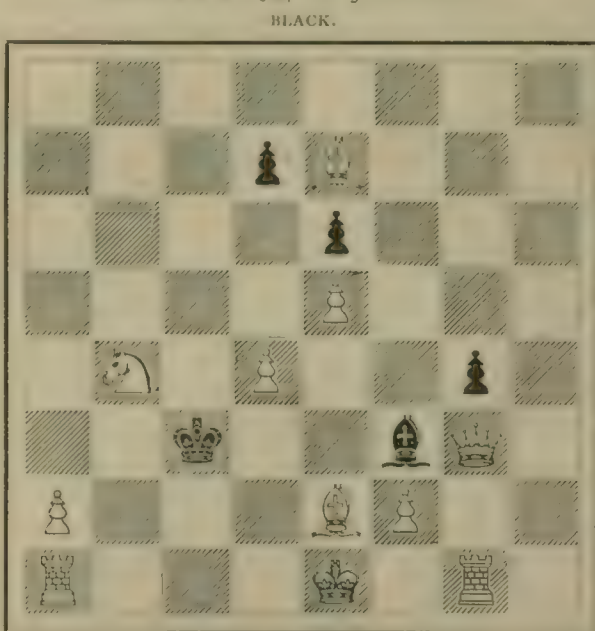
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3189 and 3190 received from Fred Long (Santiago, Chili); of No. 3193 from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3194 from Laurent Chauguon (St Helena Bay, Cape Colony); of No. 3196 from Nripenderanath Maitra, B.A. (Calcutta); of No. 3199 from W Douglas (Manchester), H S Brandreth (Homburg), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth); of No. 3200 from F B (Worthing), F Ede (Canterbury), and W Douglas (Manchester); of No. 3201 from E G Rodway (Trowbridge), Joseph Cook, Café Glacier (Marseilles), Thomas Wetherall (Manchester), John Mathieson (Glasgow), Sconic, Edith Corser (Reigate), F B (Worthing), D Newton (Lisbon), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3202 received from Joseph Wilcock (Shrewsbury), J W Haynes (Winchester), E Lawrence (Cheltenham), J Hopkinson (Derby), C E Perugini, A G Bagot (Dublin), The Tidd, F B Smith (Rochdale), Sconic, E G Rodway (Trowbridge), Albert Wolff (Putney), L Desanges, Sorrento, Charles Burnett, T Roberts, F Henderson (Leeds), G Bakker (Rotterdam), Shadforth, A W Ford (Brighton), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), E J Winter-Wood, A F Brophy, W A Thompson (Dawlish), F Langdale (Liverpool), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), R Worters (Canterbury), H S Brandreth (Homburg), J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), and Doryman.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3201.—By ROBIN H. LEGGE.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Kt 4th K to B 3rd
2. Q to Kt 5th (ch) K to B 2nd
3. Q to Kt 7th (mate)
If Black play 1. K to Q 3rd, 2. Q to B 4th (ch), and if 1. Kt to K 3rd, then 2. Q takes Kt (ch), K to Q 5th, 3. Q to K 3rd, mate.

PROBLEM No. 3203.—By J. DALLIN PAUL.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the International Congress at Barmen between Messrs. MARSHALL and SCHLECTER.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	13. Q takes Kt	P to B 3rd
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	14. B to K 3rd	P to Q 4th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to K 2nd	15. B to R 2nd	
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd		
5. B to Kt 5th	Q Kt to Q 2nd		
In a large majority of the games lately published this defence loses whatever may be its theoretical advantages.			
6. P to K 3rd	Castles	16. Castles	B to Q 2nd
7. P to B 2nd	R to K sq	17. K R to Q sq	R to B sq
8. P to K R 4th		18. Q to Q 2nd	B to K sq
To maintain the B at Kt 5th against P to R 3rd, as it could not be taken without disaster.			
9. P to R 3rd	P to B 3rd	19. P to Q 5th	B P takes P
10. B to Q 3rd	P takes B sq	20. P takes P	R to Q sq
11. B takes P	Kt to Q 4th	21. B to B 4th	Resigns
12. P to K 4th	Kt takes Kt		

Another game played in the same tournament between Messrs. JANOWSKY and ALAPIN.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	20.	Q to Q 2nd
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	21. P to K 4th	P to Q B 4th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to K 2nd	22. P to K 5th	P to B 5th
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	23. B to B 2nd	Q to B 3rd
5. B to Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd	24. P to B 3rd	Q to B 4th (ch)
6. B to R 4th	P takes P	25. K to R sq	R to Q sq
7. P to K 3rd	P to Q 3rd	26. Q to K sq	
8. B takes P	P to Q Kt 4th		
9. B to Kt 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd		
Black has contrived to secure a little freedom, but the weakness of this defence remains, however it may be disguised.			
10. Q to K 2nd	P to B 3rd	27. P to K R 3rd	B to B 3rd
11. Castles	Castles	28. P to B 4th	R to K 2nd
12. Q R to B sq	B to Kt 2nd	29. P to B 5th	B to Q 2nd
13. K R to Q sq	R to B sq	30. P to B 6th	P to Kt 3rd
14. Kt to K 5th	Kt takes Kt	31. Q to Kt 3rd	K to R 2nd
A bold capture, but probably Black relied upon it to clear the position, and give him as good a game as his opponent.			
15. P takes Kt	Kt to Q 4th	32. P to K R 4th	Q to B 3rd
16. B takes B	Q takes Kt	33. P to R 5th	Q to K Kt sq
17. R takes Kt	Kt takes B	34. R to Q 4th	B to K sq
18. Q R to Q 3rd		35. R to R 4th	
Fortune favoured White here in affording the chance of this move for the doubling of his Rooks is the turning-point of the game, and firmly establishes his superiority.			
19.	K R to Q sq	36. P takes P (ch)	P takes P
20. P takes R	R takes R	37. R takes P (ch)	K takes R
Black could do nothing else than assist in losing this pawn where it soon becomes invulnerable. Much clever play, however, is seen in turning its advantages to account.			

A SHOPKEEPERS' QUARREL.

BY CHARLES LOWE.

One of the most lamentable facts of the time is the continued estrangement between the two cousins, and indeed almost brothers, England and Germany. Up to this summer this alienation had been confined to the two peoples, but now it is to be feared that it has at last affected the relations of the two Governments, and to some extent also those of their two Sovereigns. Except on this theory it is difficult to account for the fact that the King journeyed through Germany to Marienbad and returned the same way, his Majesty's homeward route lying within easy distance of Homburg, where the Kaiser was reviewing troops, without meeting, or even—so far as is known—asking to meet his Imperial nephew. The worst of this omission was that public opinion in this country seemed to take it as a matter of course, deeming that it exactly accorded with the strained relations between the two Governments.

But I am assured by a German authority, who ought to know if anyone should, that there is no substantial cause for this condition of strain. At the present moment there is no political question of the first, or even the second order pending between Downing Street and the Wilhelmstrasse. Morocco is primarily an affair between France and Germany, and whatever satisfies France will also content us. All our Colonial differences with Germany have been happily compounded, and yet the Press of the two countries continues in the mood to write as if they might any day be on the brink of war. Mutual recrimination is the staple pastime of many of their public writers. We ourselves on this side are asked to believe that the Kaiser is only increasing his navy with the ultimate object of trying to wrest from England the supremacy of the sea; while the Germans on their part are daily informed by their mentors on the Press that we lose no single opportunity of recrimination.

In this country the Kaiser is too frequently the object of suspicion and abuse. He is always, so we are told, putting his finger in our pie and meddling and muddling everywhere. One of our most fearless writers, under his own name, was bold enough to refer to the Kaiser as an "Imperial hooligan." An independent Sovereign and chief of a mighty Empire, he had, nevertheless, no right to go to Morocco. He did his level best to bring about war in the Far East, and also to prevent the conclusion of peace at Portsmouth in America; while at the Portsmouth in England the courtesies heaped on Admiral Caillard's squadron inflamed him almost to madness and moved him to put a spoke, if possible, in the wheel of the *Entente Cordiale*. Thus our pen-and-pencil wits represent the Kaiser as a sower of tares in the European field—the monarch who has kept the peace of Europe for seventeen years, or just as long as his grandfather did so before him; and this comic caricature is followed by popular conviction. In view of all these constant calumnies and pin-pricks, is it surprising that the motives for the Baltic visit of our Channel Fleet were misconstrued—a visit of which the usual prospective notice had not even been timeously communicated to the German Government, beforehand—and that the welcome it received in certain ports was even more cordial in the circumstances than we had a right to expect?

What is really at the bottom of all these international bickerings? Nothing, I am convinced, but commercial jealousy, for, as I have already said, purely political differences between the two countries do not exist. For the origin of the present trouble we must go back twenty years, to the time when Germany formally embraced a colonial policy, in spite of our protests and our endeavours to stand in the way of her overseas expansion. That we did so is a fact which will be found clearly enough registered in the White and Blue Books issued by the two Governments at the time. The Germans were then profoundly convinced that we bore them none of the goodwill which ought to prevail between cousins, and our subsequent attitude towards them has only tended to deepen this belief. I have myself lived fourteen years in all—first as a student, then as a newspaper correspondent—among the Germans, and it is my firm belief that at heart they are our admirers, and are prepared to be our friends. As Bismarck once said in the Reichstag—"We want to be on good terms with the English, but they won't let us." The Germans, therefore, suffer from the *spretu injuria formæ*. We reject their advances, and prefer the French, though I remember the time when one of our leading journals came out with an article entitled "Sine Germaniâ nulla salus!"

It is not my purpose to inquire whether Germany has become so enormously prosperous in consequence of or in spite of the Protectionism which she espoused a quarter of a century ago; but, to whatever causes due, her commercial prosperity is a fact which, if the truth must be told, has inspired the British people, a nation of shopkeepers, with feelings of jealousy and dislike of their German cousins. It has upset all our calculations to find that the Germans, whom we were so long accustomed to regard as a nation—a very chaotic and disrupted nation—of professors and dreamers, have now become the most formidable of all our commercial rivals.

Nay, more: from the purely political point of view, the British people have not yet altogether reconciled themselves to a frank recognition of the existence and power of the regenerate German Empire, otherwise they would not deny it the right to create a navy commensurate with its defensive needs and treat the Reich as a sort of parvenu among the Powers which deserves to be snubbed, and sat upon. Jealousy ever blinds us to the truth, and I believe it is only commercial jealousy which stands in the way of an *entente cordiale* between this country and Germany such as would make us blush to think of the bickerings and mutual recriminations of the past, and of all the other fatuities of a quarrel between two peoples fitted by common origin and aspirations to be the best of friends.



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LADIES' PAGE.

One realises how distrustful one ought to be of history when the impossibility of securing a clear and quite correct statement of matters of present and common knowledge is observed. The return of the native to his home at the termination of his summer vacation has been marked by a good deal of newspaper correspondence about the luggage arrangements of the United States, and it has been quite surprising to note how many of the letters from persons who profess to know have given information that is either imperfect or incorrect. The incorrect may be sampled by the statement that the railway companies undertake the delivery of the luggage to the passengers' hotel or house. They do nothing of the kind; the forwarding agency is a separate institution, which sends its agent along the corridor-train to seek business just as a firm sends out a commercial traveller or canvasser. The imperfect information is illustrated by the writers who describe the convenience of getting free from your luggage by handing over the task of collecting and delivering it to the agent of the benefactors, and say nothing about the delay and the destruction that frequently result from this confiding behaviour. The system is excellent in theory, but in practice it works out into a probability of annoyance and loss such as we have not the least experience of under our "happy-go-lucky" system, which, to do it justice, generally does "go lucky."

On an American railway, your luggage is all conveyed to a registration office, and, on paying a heavy price for its carriage, you are given a metal "tag," corresponding to that which the official places on your various pieces of baggage. Shortly before the train reaches every considerable station on its journey, the agent of the forwarding people strolls through the several "cars," announcing that he is prepared to Express your baggage. You hand over to him your railway company's tag, and he gives you in exchange a written receipt. He enters the address to which you want your luggage sent, and you are supposed to have no more trouble till you find the boxes in your room. Well, perhaps you do not, for that may be when the trouble begins, as you ruefully contemplate the smashed-up condition of your property, and realise that you are not in a position to say whether the railway or the expressing people are responsible for the same. The first time that I travelled in America I innocently handed over my rather heavy dressing-bag to the luggage-man. It arrived with every

"on board." Talk about our porters' "tips"! How thankfully would I have tipped somebody to carry all my hand-baggage along the lengthy platforms! But there was nobody to take it; and only twice did I find, even at the largest stations, a porter who could be engaged for a quite considerable fee to transport the bundle of wraps and the dressing-bag from one platform to another or to where I wished.

Then the beneficent agents! How they sometimes did not bring my boxes to the house at all till it was time for me to go on somewhere else, so that I had to appear at a special dinner given in my honour by the women journalists of an important city in an Irish tweed travelling-gown; how again I had, as a result of the non-delivery of my luggage at the time promised, to lose a train with which there should have been a connection and so to waste twenty-four hours in a certain city; how, again and again, a trunk arrived more or less broken, once being absolutely smashed up; how my fine, solid English leather straps were stolen off my boxes one after another! We never suffer anything of the same sort in this country, and it would indeed be a sacrifice recalling the instructive fable of childhood's days about the dog and the shadow if we forsook our practically comfortable enough plan for the theoretically superior one of the United States methods. Above all, do leave us ladies, when travelling alone, the help of our porters!

I must say that I think, however, that the system at the railway-stations on the Continent includes the advantages of both our own and the American plan. There is registration of the baggage, a ticket is handed over in return for it, and, on the arrival of the boxes at the station for which they are labelled, they are removed to a room, where they are claimed, either immediately or at any later time that the passenger pleases, and delivered over against the ticket. It takes time, and it costs money, but these are incidental to the journey, and the convenience is worth both drawbacks, in my opinion. The first great railway company to adopt this safe system will surely find the public willing to pay something for it. We are the only nation to indulge in the no-system, the rush-and-tumble method that we are all aware of and that so many travellers are now complaining about.

To make pretty, artistic articles for use is one of the simplest ways of being occupied both agreeably and not quite without result. There are many pretty things that it is at once pleasant and useful to construct at home. A bag to take to the theatre, or to carry small impedimenta on other occasions, is a useful possession. One can be made of moiré silk in the following way. Get two squares of moiré in blue, or green, or an art tone, or mauve, each square from fifteen to eighteen inches wide, or even a little less if your opera-glasses are small ones. Work this moiré over its surface in some fashion. For instance, a gold cord may be run on in a wavy line all round about four inches from the edge on both sides; inside this, arrange gold spangles in a leaf-like design, or in circlelets with wavy edges, leaving the exact centre clear for a heavier embroidery in the same spangles and cord, such as a coronet, if there be any claim to use it, or initials, or a rosebud or two. For mourning, or to give an old lady to hold her spectacles, her box of lozenges, her *menuchoir*, and so on, the reticule can be made in black moiré with silver spangles or steel beading. After the two sides are ready, run them neatly together, rounding off the corners prettily, and line with white satin, or with the same colour as the moiré. Three inches down from the top, on the lining, sew on a row of small gilt rings, and through these run a satin ribbon of the same colour as the bag, leaving the ends to fasten together under a butterfly bow, and allowing the ribbon to be just long enough to hang the bag comfortably on the arm. A bead fringe along the bottom and top is rather an improvement to the effect. Plain gold beads may be used if liked.

Another useful little bit of fancy-work is to decorate one of the cheap real lace stoles or collars that are sold in the shops. Such an adornment gives distinction to a plain blouse or gown, and if one does not need it for one's own use, there is sure to be some poor lady of one's acquaintance who will be made the happier by getting the trifle to smarten her up and help to keep up her self-respect. A pretty collar that I recently saw, and that was well within the possibilities of a home-worker, was in the stock shape—a band to go round the throat and a flat piece to fall down the front. This was adorned, following the pattern of the lace, with single forget-me-nots picked off a cluster of artificial flowers, each little blue petal centred with a spangle and surrounded with a glittering line of silver oblong sequins. This tastefully arranged was most decorative, and would not take very long to execute. Another cheap lace collar was "brought up" with lines of silver cord outlining the design in parts and silver spangles scattered about.

Sensible ideas are going to rule in the world of dress this winter. Even the hats, that at first seemed as if they were coming in the same flighty guise that the summer brought, are now settling down into flatter and less widely trimmed forms. A distinguishing feature of the new hats is that they are small. There are many hats made wholly of folded cloth as regards the shapes. In felt, the newest fashion has a dome-shaped crown and a turned-up brim but a little wider than the crown. This dome or thimble-shape is trimmed most often with a widely waving plume of the "comet" variety. A Paradise tail, or one of

the many strange feathers that are now being made by the artificial mingling of the plumage of game birds of sorts, waves back on one side of the hat, and a few dahlias or other tight flowers or a rosette finishes the trimming. Every week now brings forth new ideas, but we cannot yet tell what will be adopted.

Very useful garments just now are smart tea-gowns, and their near relations, tea-jackets. The latter natty little indoor garments have a way of presenting their



A TEA-GOWN EASY TO COPY.

While this gown is very graceful and pretty, it is simple enough for any dressmaker to copy. Accordion-pleated chiffon falls from the shoulders, and ends under a puffing and flounce of the same material, and a lace collar and velvet strings finish it.

attractions under a variety of names; sometimes they call themselves "coffee-coats;" anon they will reappear as "bridge-coats," or be content with the vague title of "négligé"; but in all the names the outline and general idea are unaltered. There is a certain charm about any garment that does not change in fashion, to more than a limited extent, and this is the case with tea gowns and jackets. They are, however, susceptible to the influence of current fashions in details, and just now the popular "Empire" outline is in great favour. The tea-gown style, the garment built all in one piece, is, in fact, that which becomes the Empire short bodice best. Keep the waist-line well up under the bust, trim it with a straight and rather wide belt there, and let the gown fall thence, narrow to below the waist and thence voluminous and easy of fold, and the object is attained. Puffed tops to the sleeves also are in keeping. A very handsome tea-gown in a brocade that had a pearl-grey ground with small wreaths of pink and golden-yellow flowers scattered over it was trimmed with a bust girdle of pearls and silver sequins; down the front the gown fell open a few inches to show an underskirt of lace, and each edge of the opening was trimmed with a line of silver and pearl passementerie harmonising with the belt. There was a puffed bodice of the brocade above the belt, finished at the pit of the throat with a narrow fall of lace, and a *flot* of grey, gold, and pink narrow ribbons intermingled.

Cashmere, the really charming material which we have too much neglected of recent years, is coming in again for dresses for visiting wear, and yet more for tea-gowns. White cashmere is especially successful in this form of dress; it is relieved a little with revers of coloured velvet, or, better still, with trimmings of fur, mink, fox, or chinchilla. A deep collar of Irish crochet lace laid over a mauve silk lining and with mauve velvet bows and silver buckles in the centre all the way down from the bust (where the collar ended) to the feet, made one cream cashmere tea-gown very effective. The bows were repeated on the long angel sleeves that reached to the knees, over a tight cuff of Irish crochet. Lace in any form can be used in any way that it will go on tea-gowns; there is never too much of it. As fashion now not merely permits, but approves the mingling on one garment of lace of various kinds, textures, and tints, a good chance is afforded us of utilising every scrap of the lovely fabric that we may have inherited or picked up at sales. The same may be said about the bridge-coats or négligé-coats of the hour. Lace is the very thing for them.—FILOMENA.



AN AUTUMN COAT.

Black or dark-coloured velvet is here expressed as a long coat, falling in gracefully full flutings from an Empire-fitted bust-piece. Military braid is used as trimming.

breakable thing smashed, down to the bottle of smelling-salts, and with the straps stolen from the outside. "Oh, we never let a thing like that out of our hands," said all my American friends; "you must always cling on to your own grip!" Thenceforth I did so, but at what a cost of fatigue and nervous distress and breathlessness did I do it!—for the blessed array of waiting porters of an English railway-station is entirely absent from an American "depôt." There the most delicate lady has to struggle alone with every package that she has found it necessary to have in the cars with her, and that is no small amount when a night as well as a day, or longer, has had to be passed



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ON THE STOOKS.

In moorland, where driving is resorted to from the Twelfth of August until the sportsmen have left for the South, or the birds have packed and learned to fly high above the guns, there is no occasion for special endeavour to obtain a bag. Men complain of aching arms, and seek the aid of asbestos gloves against the heat of gun-barrels. The game-larder groans beneath the weight of grouse, and while the bulk of the bag finds its way to market the housekeeper is puzzled to find new and appetising methods for dealing with what remains. But on hills and roughs, where driving is impracticable, and every bird must be sought diligently with the aid of dogs, the case is different. The grouse becomes even more wild than his brother of the level moorland, learns to crouch like a hare in its form, or to scent danger from afar, and to rise at a distance not to be traversed by the cartridge from a shot-gun. By mid-September the bird can only be obtained by sportsmen whose cunning and patience overcome all ordinary

are alert and suspicious at the later hour, they seem to gather special confidence with peep of day. Then the land has an almost unearthly stillness, game is astir, and moving with a sense of security in the faint grey light that passes as soon as the sun is well in evidence. The season of this tranquillity is short, but he who knows how to take advantage of it may secure birds that would be unapproachable at all other hours in the day.

Seen in half light,
What time the shepherd
blowing of his nails
Can neither call it perfect
day nor night,

the land has a strangely
desolate appearance. On
the lowlands the kine are
gathering at the field's

allow two fat wood-pigeons to pass unchallenged not twenty yards away, take no notice of the rabbits that race from me on every side, and crawl cautiously from the far end of the plantation to the place of ambush.

I am in good time. As the light improves to a condition that approaches in quality the afterglow of sunset,



THE NEW COLLEGE AT DARTMOUTH, WHICH REPLACED THE OLD "BRITANNIA" TRAINING-SHIP.

The old floating college has now its home on land. The clock is rather remarkable, as it is the only one that strikes nautical time in bells.



THE OLD "BRITANNIA" TRAINING-SHIP, REPLACED BY THE NEW TRAINING NAVAL COLLEGE.

side awaiting the advent of the farm hand who will guide them to the byre, rabbits are feeding in the dew-drenched grass. In wood and plantation song-birds sound uncertain notes. The air is raw and nipping, and some small effort is needed to face it. Late yesterday evening certain stooks by the edge of a hillside plantation were arranged carefully in a semi-circle easily approached from the trees

two coveys sweep down from the moorland and settle on the oat stooks at the extreme end of the field, out of gun-shot, but easily studied through the field-glasses that are not to be neglected at such a time. Each covey clusters round a sheaf, and eats with a breakfast appetite that stands for good health and a delight in changing fare. One or two pheasants, still immune from pursuit, come from the wood and settle down to a hearty meal, while a covey of well-grown partridges is busy on the stubbles and on a sheaf that has fallen from its place. At the edge of the stone dyke a great blackcock has perched himself, and is spreading his feathers as though waiting for the sun to come out and shine upon them. Then four grouse, remnants probably of a covey that the guns have reached, come down well within shot. There is no need for glasses; they are no more than thirty yards away, and it is clear that the family consists of the parent birds and two of their children. Where land is driven, parent birds come first to the guns and pay the



Oblong Breakfast Dish, 6½ in. long, with loose inner dish. Prince's Plate, £5 10s.; Sterling Silver, £15 5s.



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Photo. Illustration Bureau.
THE NEW HAWKLEY PATENT WHEEL
FOR MOTOR-CARS.

The peculiarity of this wheel is the four pneumatic pads connected with the axle by a disc with four rays. The shock of bumps is taken by the pneumatic pads.

the stubble, dead as Queen Anne palatable. Their offspring fly up and settle on another took; the coveys at the far end of the field remain where they are, though they cease from feeding, but I note that the pheasants crouch in the stubble and the parent partridges call their children to their side in preparation for instant flight should trouble declare itself. Only the blackcock has passed from sight. The noise of the discharge has not troubled any of the birds very seriously; they are more alarmed by sights than by sounds. Presently the two grouse are feeding on a stook next to the one by which their parents lie motionless, while pheasants and partridges are eating quite unconcerned. Other grouse have come from the hill, but are well out of gunshot; there must be sixty or seventy birds feeding on the farmer's oats if one includes some dozen wood-pigeon who have a corner by the wood all to themselves. They seem to have some knowledge of the truth that they are eating against time, that they must prepare for flight as soon as

penalty; where one walks after the birds, the old ones are apt to get away.

Quite slowly the gun is raised and pointed, the end of the barrel being thrust through the top of the stook until a glance along the sight shows that the father of the family is covered. At this critical moment his mate flutters to his side, and then the trigger is pressed and both birds tumble on to

the labourers pass on their way to the fields; shy by nature, the constant gunfire of the last few weeks has given them nerves, and while a noise without a man has little effect upon their tranquillity, a man, even though he make no noise, will alarm them at once. As far as my glasses teach me, they seem to demolish the oats ear by ear, and fill their crops in fashion that would give indigestion to an alderman.

Ten minutes pass, and then one of the two grouse perches in a line with the gun and joins his parents. The other, definitely alarmed, goes off, so too do the pigeons, and then one covey of grouse, either considering that such horrid sounds bring the field into disrepute, or because they have eaten their fill, wheel round to return to the moor, and pass, in easy, swinging flight, little more than twenty yards past the ambush.

Flesh and blood cannot resist the chance of a right and left, though it involves standing up. The result is curious and instructive. The covey, leaving only



Photo. Enticott & Co.

THE WINNER OF THE TOURIST TROPHY: MR. JOHN S. NAPIER
ON HIS ARROL-JOHNSTON CAR.

Smooth and safe running rather than speed was the object of the Tourist Trophy race over the Isle of Man course. Mr. J. S. Napier was the winner, completing the three rounds (in all a little over 150 miles) in 6 hours 9 minutes 14 seconds, an average speed of 33.9 miles an hour. The car was of 18 h.p., with a two-cylinder horizontal engine. The chassis price is £650, the weight unladen 1864 pounds. The tyres were Continental 815 by 105.

one bird behind, trebles its pace to the hill, and every other bird follows suit. The secret stands revealed, and the birds have gone for the day. Passing down the field to reach the house, there is no sign of fur and feather. But in this country of hills and roughs two brace of birds are fair pay for the work done.—S. L. B.

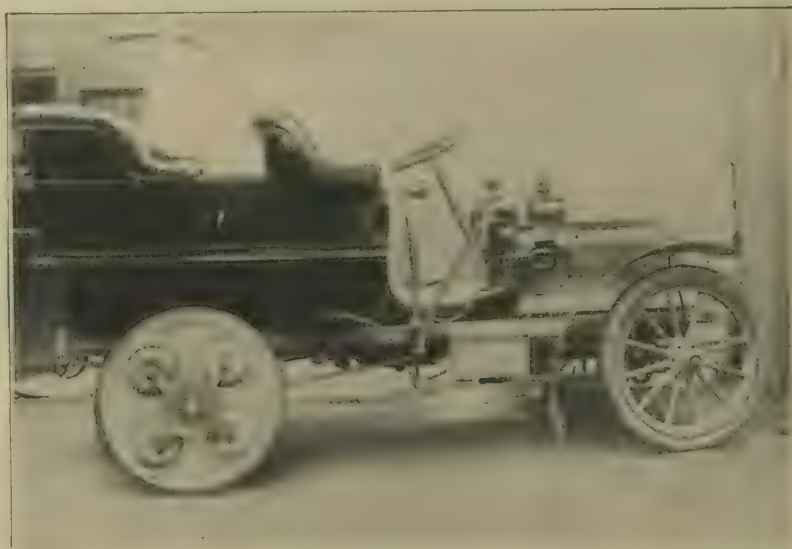


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A CAR FITTED WITH THE HAWKLEY PATENT WHEEL.

At the Liège Exhibition the firm of John Dewar and Sons, Limited, of Perth and London, who already hold over fifty medals for merit, have just secured exclusively the Grand Prix, the highest award at the Exhibition.

Messrs. Samuel Brothers, Ltd., of 65 and 67, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., are now showing the handsome liveries they have just completed for the Sheriff-elect, Mr. Thomas V. Bowater. The Sheriff-elect is a Lancastrian by birth, and represents the ward of Vintry in the Common Council; hence, out of compliment to his native county and to his City ward, the gold embroidery on the state coats consists of a graceful design of vine-leaves and grapes, combined with the heraldic rose of the Duchy of Lancaster.

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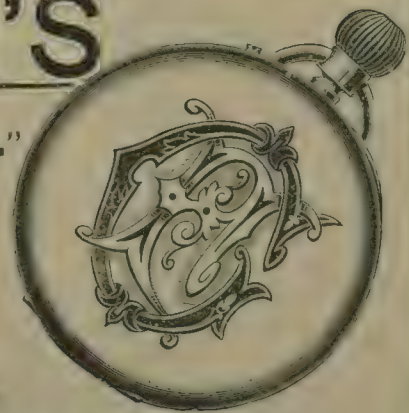
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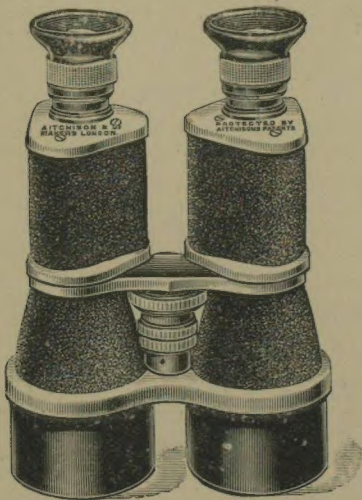
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 3, 1905) of MR. GEORGE ALLEN EVERITT, of Knowle Hall, Knowle, Warwick, who died on Aug. 13, was proved on Sept. 6 by Major Sydney George Everitt and Nevill Henry Everitt, the sons, the value of the estate being £96,046. The testator gives £100 to the Birmingham General Hospital; £200 to each grandchild on attaining twenty-one years; the furniture and effects at Knowle Hall to his son Sydney; and £400 for distribution among his servants. One third of the residue of his property he leaves to each of his said sons, and one third between his two daughters Constance Mary and Frances Maude Major.

The will (dated Nov. 7, 1867) of the RIGHT HON. RALPH ROBERT WHEELER, BARON LINGEN, K.C.B., of 13, Wetherby Gardens, S.W., who died on July 22, was proved on Sept. 9 by Emma, Lady Lingen, the widow, the value of the estate being £50,832. The testator leaves everything he shall die possessed of to his wife absolutely.

The will of MAJOR-GENERAL FREDERIC GEORGE NUTHALL, of 1, Clarence Place, Newport, Barnstaple, who died on Aug. 16, was proved on Sept. 9 by Frederick Thomas Burton, Henry Shadforth, and the Rev. Hubert James Medlycott, the value of the estate being £89,221. The testator gives £15,000 and two houses in Clarence Place to his housekeeper, Priscilla Ann Arundell; £15,000, in trust, for Jessie Louisa Curtis; £15,000, in trust, for William Alexander Curtis and his wife and family; £5500 to the Rev. H. J. Medlycott; £2000 each to Mona Eardley Wilmot and Miss Susan Short; and legacies to friends and servants. He also

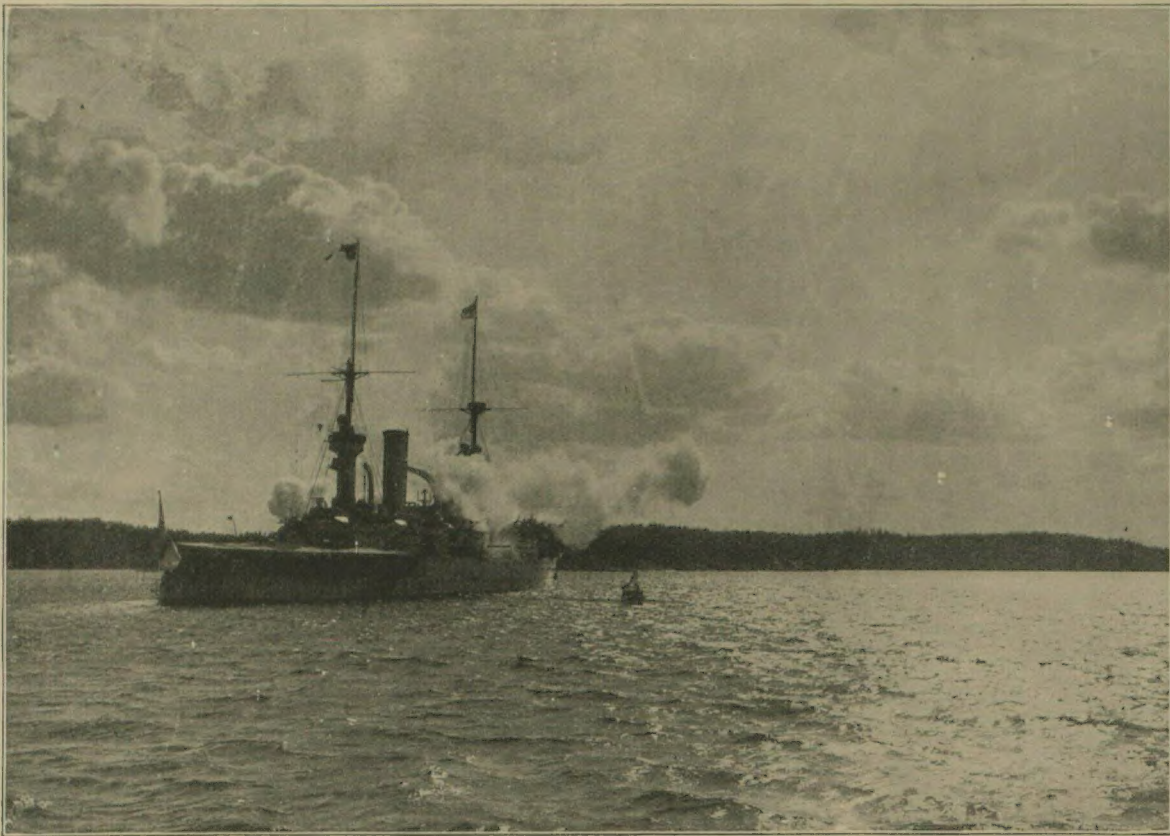
gives £200 each to the Railway Servants' Orphanage, the Railway Benevolent Institution, Guy's Hospital, the Middlesex Hospital, the North Devon Infirmary, King Edward's Ragged Schools and Christian Mission, Spitalfields, the Brompton Consumption Hospital, and

The will (dated July 17, 1905) of SIR THOMAS WRIGHT, of The Hollies, Stoneygate, Leicester, who died on Aug. 5, has been proved by Thomas Harry Wright and Arthur Ernest Wright, the sons, the value of the estate amounting to £41,148. The testator gives £500 and an annuity of £400 to his wife; £2000 to his son Thomas Harry; £1000 and his capital and interest in the firm of Wright, Son, and Aysom to his son Arthur Ernest; and £1000 to, and £1500 in trust for, his grandson Reginald Thomas George. The residue of his property he leaves to his three sons.

The will (dated Jan. 28, 1902) of MR. CLEMENT CHEESE, of 85, The Drive, Hove, and late of 9, Strand, who died on Sept. 1, was proved by Mrs. Annie Marguerite Cheese, the widow, Mrs. Sarah Mary Balfour, the sister, and John Duncan McLeod Balfour, the value of the property being £38,095. The testator gives £1000 each to his executors; two policies of insurance on his life, and the farm and lands at Holme Green, to his wife; the income from £1000 to his brother Robert; £500 to his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Cheese; and £100 each to the Buckinghamshire General Infirmary, the London Hospital, the Ragged School Union, the Prince of Wales's Hospital Fund, and the Soho Hospital for Women. The income from one third of the residuary estate is to be paid to his wife, and subject thereto all his property is

to be divided between his sister, Mrs. Balfour, and her husband.

The will (dated May 3, 1905), with a codicil, of MR. JAMES GEORGE BEST, of 36, Cleveland Square, Hyde Park, whose death took place on May 16, has



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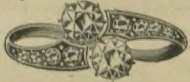
the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street. One third of the residue of his property he leaves to Priscilla Ann Arundell; one third, in trust, for Jessie Louisa Curtis; and one third, in trust, for William Alexander Curtis and his wife and family.

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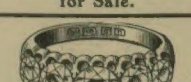
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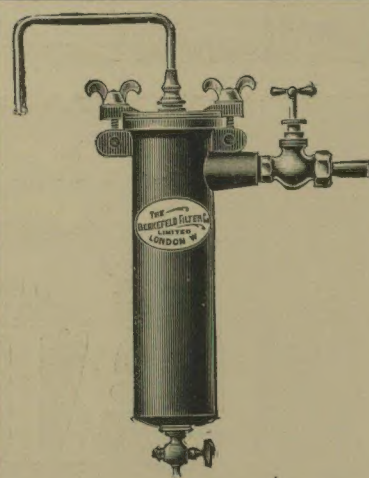


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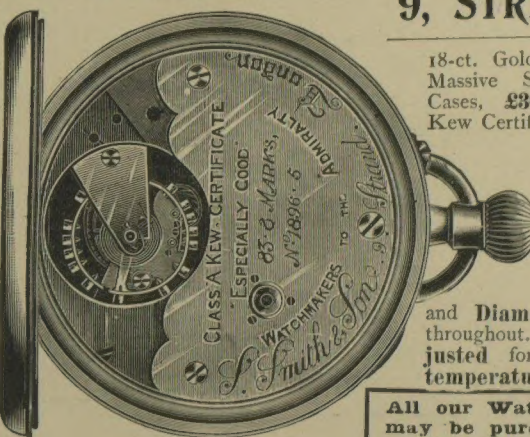
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just been proved by John Graham Rodger and William Wilson, the value of the property being £34,646. Subject to the gift of the household effects to his sister Agnes Ann, the testator leaves everything he should die possessed of in trust for her for life, and then his sister Mrs. Isabella Wilson and her children.

The will (dated March 1, 1900) of LADY ROSE MARY MOLYNEUX, of Abbeystead, Lancashire, sister of the Earl of Sefton, who died on July 29, has been proved by the Hon. Richard Frederick Molyneux, the brother, and the Earl of Abingdon, the value of the estate being £31,536. Subject to small bequests, she leaves all her property to her sister, Lady Gertrude Eleanor Molyneux.

The will of MAJOR CHARLES HARVEY PALAIRET, late 9th Lancers, of Westhill, Ledbury, and 14, Queen's Gate Terrace, who died on Feb. 27, has been proved by Henry Hamilton Palaret, the brother, and Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Allen Henry, the value of the real and personal estate being £40,729. Under the provisions of his first marriage settlement, he appoints £5000 to his son Charles Andrew, and the remainder of a sum of £15,000 to his sons, Charles Andrew and Charles Michael. Subject to a legacy of £200 to his wife, he leaves one third of his residuary estate to each of his sons, and one third, in trust, for his wife, Mrs. Nora Hamilton Palaret, for life, and then for his daughter Margaret Frances.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of St. Albans is to pay a visit to South Wales in October, and will preach at St. John's Church, Brecon, on the 18th in connection with the St. David's Diocesan Conference.

The Bishop of Norwich is undergoing the "cure" at Bad Nauheim.

The Rev. Dr. Samuel Bickersteth, the new Vicar of Leeds, bade farewell to his friends at Lewisham last week, when a large and representative company assembled in the Parish Church Hall. The Mayor of Lewisham referred to the ability shown by Dr. Bickersteth in municipal work, and to the interest he had taken in the unemployed problem. Canon Moberly spoke of the high esteem in which the services of both Dr. and Mrs. Bickersteth were held in the rural deanery. Dr. Bickersteth, in responding, said he entered on his work at Leeds with some amount of fear and trembling, because of its large and varied character.

The Bishop of Clogher is to take the place of the Bishop of Durham at St. John's, Weymouth, as preacher of a Church Congress sermon.

Canon Churchyard, Vicar of St. Matthew's, Newcastle, had been ailing for some time, but the news of his death at St. Leonards-on-Sea, on Sept. 14, came as a great shock to his friends. He was to have

returned home this week, and was announced to preach at St. Matthew's on Sunday, the 24th.

The Dean and Chapter of Capetown have provisionally accepted the offer of the beautiful old "rose" window which was formerly in the south transept of Westminster Abbey. It will be placed in the new Cathedral at Capetown, if this can be done without impairing the architectural effect of the structure.

The Rev. A. Baines, the new Vicar of St. George's, Newcastle-under-Lyme, will be greatly missed at All Saints', Sheffield, where he has worked under the Rev. C. F. Knight for the past nine years. At a farewell meeting, Mr. Knight remarked that during the period of Mr. Baines' secretaryship of the *Parish Magazine* its circulation had increased from about eight hundred to two thousand per month. The great Men's Bible Class, of which Mr. Baines has been the leader since the Rev. Frank Swainson came to London, has a membership of 2016.

The new label of the liqueur shipped by the Chartreux monks from Tarragona, Spain, since their expulsion from France bears the following words: "Liqueur Fabriquée a Tarragone par les Pères Chartreux." This is the only liqueur now shipped by the monks, who alone possess the secret of its manufacture.

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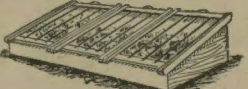


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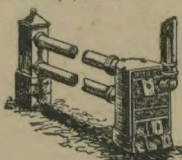
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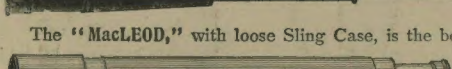
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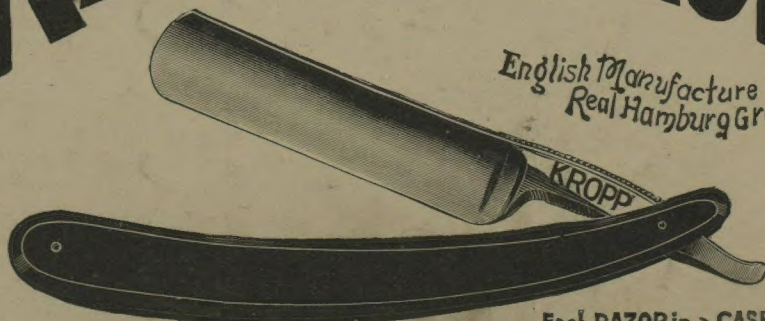
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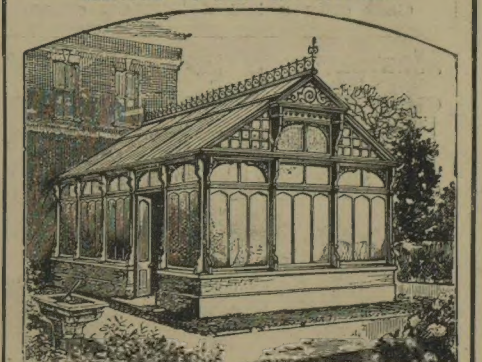
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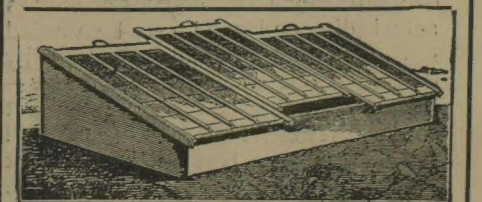
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